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ZOLA AND LITERARY NATURALISM.<sup>1</sup>

IT is now some twenty-five years ago since the preface of *La Fortune des Rougon* announced the programme of that series of novels, if we may call them so, which is just coming to a close with *Docteur Pascal* in the columns of the *Revue Hebdomadaire*. In that preface, Zola undertook to show how "the slow succession of accidents of nerve and blood declare themselves in a race as the result of a primary organic lesion, and determine according to his surroundings in each of the individuals that compose it, the feelings, desires, passions, all the human manifestations, natural and instinctive, to whose products we give the conventional names, virtues and vices." This has suggested to others a remark of Taine, by which it was perhaps suggested to Zola himself, that "virtue and vice are products, like vitriol and sugar." But Zola seems, at least at the outset, to have taken it with less reserve than its originator. So in the nineteen volumes before us, we have what he calls "the natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire." They are to be, according to his essay, "*Le Roman Experimental*," works of the most thorough realism, minute studies of social phenomena for each trait in which the author shall be able to cite his authority, "human documents" in short. So with indefatigable conscientiousness he studies the workings of a locomotive from the engine cab, shares the life of the farm,

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<sup>1</sup>*La Débâcle*, par Emile Zola. Paris. 1892.

and even makes a pilgrimage to Lourdes, all in the interest of "naturalism"—and perhaps of advertisement.

And yet, in spite of it all, in spite of himself, Zola is not a naturalist, but rather the greatest of living French idealists, and, since Victor Hugo's death, first of her prose poets. This was most interestingly brought out, in its time, by Symonds, in his review of *La Bête Humaine*.<sup>1</sup> It impresses itself not alone on readers of *Le Rêve*, but in another and higher kind in *La Terre*, in *Germinal* and in *La Débâcle*. This seems to us fortunate. Zola is a genius; his theory is wrong, but his literary instinct is right. He rises above his ideal, and earns a palm of praise while his scholars, too faithful to his teachings, are apt to weary and dishearten.

The vast range of Zola's social studies becomes apparent if we review, merely in the briefest way, the central subjects of his volumes. He aims to cover all France. The family-tree of the Rougon-Macquart, affixed to *Une Page d'Amour*, exhibits representatives of this family within three generations, in almost every social sphere. *La Fortune des Rougon*, *La Conquête de Plassans*, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* show us life in provincial towns. The farm furnishes the scene of *La Terre*, and, in a measure, for *La Joie de Vivre*. *Germinal* introduces us to a great miners' strike; *Le Ventre de Paris* tells of the Paris market gardens and the *Halles*. *La Curée* deals with the financial debauch that followed the *coup d'état*, and *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* takes up the parable of political corruption. *Nana* introduces to the inner shrine of the goddess of lubricity those who care to see its foulness, while *L'Assommoir* is a temperance tale of the Paris workmen. The small shop-keepers are represented in *Pot-Bouille*, and the great establishments like *Au Bon Marche* and *Au Louvre* are spread before us in *Au Bonheur des Dames*. *La Bête Humaine* is a railroad epic, *L'Œuvre* deals with artist life, *L'Argent* with the stock exchange, *La Débâcle* with the army, which takes, whether he will or no,

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<sup>1</sup>Fortnightly Review, October, 1891.

a considerable place in every Frenchman's life. Religious mysticism forms the subject of that exquisite idyl *Le Rêve*. Passionate jealousy is analyzed in *Une Page d'Amour*, celibacy in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, and clerical ambition in *La Conquête de Plassans*. And so we might go on, but surely enough has been said to show that an honest effort has been made to make this series a microcosmic picture of French life under the star of the third Napoleon.

Few men have the courage to form a literary plan that a quarter of a century of unremitting, pains-taking labor shall not suffice to complete. Yet the plan of this series was clearly thought out from the first. Fewer still, having formed such a plan, have the endurance to carry it to an end. But perhaps Zola's is the unique instance in which the popular interest in the author and his work has increased to the last. Critics may weary of him. A brilliant essayist, writing but a few months ago, tells us that Zola is a matter of yesterday<sup>1</sup>; but on the other hand the French editors, consulted by the *Petit Journal* as to what forty men should form the real "Academy" in place of the forty self-elected, found that Zola headed the poll with 1,193 votes, while the largest number accorded to any competitor was 774 for Taine, and Daudet could muster but 718. But beyond this, we have the clearest evidence that Zola's popularity is not waning, in the sales of his works. The first six of the series have attained an average sale of less than 32,000. No volume that follows has fallen below 44,000. Leaving aside the somewhat phenomenal success of *L'Assommoir* and *Nana*, with sales of 127,000 and 166,000 respectively, we have for the next six of the series an average of over 67,000, or, including *Nana* and *L'Assommoir*, an average of 87,000. But the four following, while containing no such conspicuous success, yet averaged 90,000, and *La Débâcle*, his last work, though for the shortest time on the market, already exceeds all the others with 176,000 at the time of our writing. Certainly this looks very much as

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<sup>1</sup>*Portraits d'Ecrivains, par René Doumic.* Paris. Delaplane. 1892.

though, to the reading public, M. Zola were still very much a man of the present.

It is with this last book, *La Débâcle*, that we wish particularly to deal here; but it is perhaps fitting that a word should first be said of some qualities of diction and of subject which are associated with Zola's name, probably to his prejudice in the minds of many readers. It is said that the conversation of the lower classes in his books abounds with words and phrases that sound strangely to ears polite, nay, that the dictionary will not always suffice to pilot us through its mazes. Further, judging the unknown by the known, many of these words are suspected, I fear with good reason, to be more or less coarse, low, or even blasphemous. To our objection Zola will answer, "Such men would use such language;" and this I think every person who has associated with them, even superficially, as the foreign student of manners can do in the cafés or wine-shops and at popular places of entertainment and festivals, will find confirmed by his experience. If now it is worth while to show the workman as he is, a study of his language is a means not to be neglected. "The style is the man" quite as truly in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine as in the Academy. We shall never quite comprehend the moral decay of any class if we draw a veil over all their expressions of it. There is of course a question of quantity as well as of degree. It may be urged with some justice that there is more of this in Zola's work than is artistically justifiable. It is also true that such reading may be unpleasant to some people, who would rather hear of the heathen in Dahomey than of the heathen at home, and of others whose calling does not bring them in contact with baser social forms. These will naturally leave it aside; but on the other hand we hardly see that it is likely to injure those whom it does not offend, while every deeper insight that we get into the moral, intellectual, and æsthetic gulf that separates the reading public from the toiling majority of their fellow men, should tend to strengthen and deepen those feelings of duty to our



neighbor that lie at the basis of what is called "Christian Socialism."

There is another and a graver charge that is most usually made against Zola and his books by those who do not read them. They are said to be "shockingly immoral." We may distinguish here between the intent of the author and the effect of the book. To an author who sets out with the attempt to be pornographic, nothing is easier than to succeed in his chosen line, for this, the cheapest form of all wit, is more universally understood and appreciated than any other. To say nothing of its moral bearings, such success must satisfy only the lowest of literary ambitions. A Catulle Mendès and a Silvestre may be willing to prostitute to this end what talents they possess. But Zola is too serious, too much in earnest, for us to attribute to him such frivolity, and indeed there is very little of the satyr even in his youthful writing, and, so far as I see, none at all in this last. I doubt if Zola ever wrote a page with pornographic intent. But to acquit the author does not necessarily exculpate the book.

Now it cannot be denied that the greater part of the novels in this series contain scenes and situations that we should be sorry to have promiscuously read. Not only do they bring before us, with a fulness that shocks our finer senses, the details of experiences that are usually confined to the nurse and the surgeon—for instance, in the work before us, the pile of human limbs outside the field hospital after the battle, with that horrible touch of the forgotten hand lying by the door, or some scene of bestial ferocity such as the butchery of the Prussian spy, Goliath, by the *franc-tireurs* (*La Débâcle*, p. 538)—but they also admit us to penetralia of the sexual and maternal relations that English writers are apt to avoid, or at least to veil. It may be perhaps that both English and French are alike justified. It is not a sufficient condemnation of a book to say or to prove that it is not fit to be read everywhere, always, and by all. There are many treatises most essential to the alienist and the phy-

sician that would produce morbid effects on many readers. All public libraries have a story to tell of the persistent and ingenious efforts to abuse books that have their legitimate use. Now the English novelist addresses himself to several classes of readers that the Frenchman excludes from his circle. I suppose the majority of novel readers among us are women, and our novelists write with the fear of the *ewige Weibliche* ever before their eyes. I do not mean by this that they are always moral. Have we not Albert Ross and Amélie Rives and—but it is not necessary to extend the list. Still our English immorality is calculated for another meridian than the French. In France there is a school of writers who regard the morality of a work of art as a matter of indifference. But this brings us into the unsavory company of Mendès and Silvestre, from whom Zola is as different as the palm from its parasite. He sets out to paint life as he finds it. He finds a large part of the society he studies under the domination of low motives, and chief among these springs of action he finds the sexual passion, which of course expresses itself more frankly among the lower orders of society, as all passions do. Repression is an acquired art of civilization. His vision of the facts is clear enough; he sets down nothing in malice. However, when he attempts to give his observations literary form, he is perforce false to his naturalist theory. The poet gets the better of the statistician, and becomes an idealist, to our gain and his own.

If we ask ourselves whether the social life he depicts in *Nana* or *L'Assommoir* has anything corresponding to its base licentiousness in the real life of Paris, he will be ready with chapter and verse to answer. And yet it is not typical of normal average conditions, nor ought it to be; for fiction, to be a social power, must show us not where we stand, but whither we are going. And this it does by showing those whom the current has carried furthest. And so it is well that men, who must live in the world and need to know its evil as well as its good tendencies, should ponder the story

of Nana and Lantier, of Gervaise and of Maurice. I do not say that it is pleasant reading, but there is much of bitter wisdom in Daudet's dedication of *Sapho*, "to my son when he is twenty years old."

Now if, as Brunetière is constantly preaching in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> French literature has earned its universality because its energies have been directed to the study of social problems, while the English literature does homage to the individual, and the German to the philosophic spirit, is it not precisely such a holding of the mirror up to nature, even in its deformity, that will make this social literature useful as a reflection of social conditions and public morals, and so fit French literature to maintain the place it has won among the literatures of the world? Assuredly it is not the soporific platitudes of M. Ohnet, nor the incoherent ravings of the decadent poets that will assist it in this or any other worthy ambition.

But though we are disposed to justify Zola against those who accuse him of pandering to a prurient fancy, we are glad that he has written in French, and we could wish that he had not been translated, even as execrably and incompletely as he has been. It is well that some books, good and necessary as they be, should not be in a language "understood of the people." I believe a pope once included the Bible among them, and it is said that the French philosopher Taine expressed the wish that some of his books had been in Latin, that he might not have been so much misunderstood by the Philistines.

For this last work of Zola's one need, however, make few apologies or reservations. Vulgar men continue to talk their own language, it is true; there may be some questions of literary taste, but all that could offend the British matron is anxiously forced into the background, even where, from a purely artistic point of view such reticence is uncalled for. The subject, or shall we rather say the scene of this

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<sup>1</sup>E. g., in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1892.

novel is the terrible year of the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune. This is unrolled to us in the main as it appeared to two members of the Rougon-Macquart family. Maurice, a Parisian, educated, yet narrow, feeling and expressing with what threatens to be wearisome iteration the degeneracy of his race, brave at times, yet with little staying power, mental or physical, who finally joins the Commune in a fit of patriotic pessimism; and that Jean, whose domestic misfortunes played a considerable part in *La Terre*, who becomes here a type of the sober-minded, sound-hearted peasant in whom lies the future hope of his country. Neither is typical of the average French soldier, but each in his kind is the most developed product of social forces that influenced all France in a greater or less degree. Jean is Maurice's corporal; and in their squad we find the country lad, Pache, with some recollections of his early religious training, the sport, and at last the victim of Chouteau, a worthless Parisian *voyou*, and Lapouille, whose god was his belly. Loubet, the other man in the squad, has his worthlessness redeemed by a genius for cooking, a character useful in developing for us the shifty incompetence of the French commissariat. Above these are the lieutenant, Rochas, ignorant but brave, and thoroughly convinced that the French have only to be brought face to face with any enemy to drive them indefinitely *à coups de pied à derrière*. Then there is the captain, Beaudoin, proud, dandified, contemptuous toward his men, deserting his post for an amorous rendezvous on the eve of Sedan, hated but brave, and meeting death without forgetting good manners. The colonel, de Vineuil, and the general, Bourgain-Desfeuilles, are more lightly sketched, and yet clearly enough to show that bravery in the officers could not countervail self-indulgent impatience and overconfident incapacity.

The story opens with the forced march of the Seventh Corps to Mulhouse, and introduces us to Weiss, an Alsatian, who has married Henriette, Maurice's sister. He lives at



Sedan, and knows too much of frontier affairs to be hopeful of the issue. We meet also their cousin, Honoré Fouchard, son of a miserly peasant, and catch our first glimpse of the Prussian spy, Goliath, sometime a servant at Fouchard's. The first chapters picture, perhaps, in too great detail the gradual discouragement and disorganization of the troops as they march and countermarch, without apparent purpose, without rations, or without a chance to cook them, never in sight of the enemy, insulting their leaders and themselves insulted by the people they abandoned; and in the midst of this hungry disorder we catch sight of the Emperor, "dragged about like a useless encumbrance among the baggage of his troops, condemned to trail behind him the irony of his imperial establishment, his Cent-Gardes, his carriages, horses, cooks, and baggage wagons, with their silver saucepans and their champagne." A tragic figure throughout the book, more sinned against than guilty.

Gradually we see the army forced by its blunders and by the enemy into the fortified trap at Sedan, and the great shears of the German armies begin to close on them. And this brings us to one of the finest pieces of French prose that this century has given us, the defense of Bazeilles, the first point of the German attack, (pp. 212-224, 285-297) where Weiss, being captured as a combating civilian, is shot before the eyes of his wife, and almost in her arms. Indeed the whole battle of Sedan is a masterpiece, reaching its acme perhaps in the great cavalry charge of Margueritte's division (pp. 319-322), which may well supersede the famous Waterloo charge of Victor Hugo as the finest battle picture of literature.

Meantime there is a field hospital set up in Sedan to remind us that the horrors of war do not end with the battles. Here is surgeon Bouroche, a sympathetic combination of science and heart, who contends now against administrative incapacity, and after the capitulation against Prussian jealousy. It would be interesting to know with what authority

the statement is made that they refused him chloroform for his wounded, though there were Germans as well as French among them.

On the morning of the battle we see the Emperor again, sick in body and at heart, and with a constancy that is not without its virtue, now seeking death in the front, now striving to hide with rouge the traces of disease on his face. This last touch has brought upon Zola the thunders of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, followed by the scattering fire of smaller journals. The story seems untrue, though not lacking some evidence; but whether true or false, the controversy over it has been of considerable value since it has evoked from M. Zola the statement that he regards such details as matters where a poet may justly take the version that suits him, a doctrine of "probable opinions" in naturalistic literature that adds much force to our contention that Zola is really an idealist. Zola himself thinks that artistic critics should not have been disposed to cavil. He "finds the act superb, worthy of one of Shakspeare's heroes, heightening the figure of Napoleon III. to a tragic melancholy of infinite grandeur." This will probably be the idea that thoughtful readers will form of Zola's conception of the Emperor even without his explanation.

After the cavalry charge, perhaps the most striking scene of the battle is that of a retreat through a cannonaded wood, "bombarded trees, killed at their post, falling on all sides like immobile, giant soldiers. Beneath their fronds, in the delicious green half-light, down mysterious aisles carpeted with moss, breathed brutal death. The solitude of the forest-springs was violated, and those hidden corners, where, till then, lovers alone had wandered, now heard the gasps of the dying. One man, his chest pierced by a ball, had only time to cry 'hit,' and fell on his face dead. Another, whose two legs had just been broken by a shell, still laughed, unconscious of his wound, thinking that he had stumbled on a root. Others with pierced limbs, mortally wounded, ran on for many yards before they fell in sudden convulsions. At

the first instant, even the worst wounds were hardly felt. It was only later that the dreadful sufferings began, and burst out in cries and tears."

"Oh, that cursed wood, that massacred forest, that in the midst of the sobbing of the expiring trees was being filled little by little with the shrieking distress of the wounded . . . But the dead and the wounded were no longer reckoned. The comrade who fell was abandoned, forgotten. Not even a step back; it was fate; another, himself, perhaps, would be next . . . .

"All at once as they reached the edge of the wood there rang out an appealing cry: 'Help' . . . . Then seeing that nobody stopped, he caught breath, and cried: 'The flag.' At a bound, Rochas, darting back, caught the flag, whose pole was broken, while the ensign murmured, his words stifled in bloody foam: 'It's all up with me. Save the flag.' And he remained alone writhing on the moss, in that delicious woodland dell, tearing the grass with his clenched hands, his chest heaving with a rattle that lasted for hours."

And then as they emerge from the wood, and get temporary shelter from the enemy's fire, they meet their general, asking a crippled peasant woman, with frightened curses, the road to Belgium. And through all the horrible day, we catch glimpses now and then of King William, silent and motionless, on the heights of Marfée, watching the great panorama as it unrolled the changing destiny of Europe. And, strange contrast, Maurice, as he carries the stunned Jean from the field, sees, in a little valley, protected by its steep sides, "a peasant methodically tilling his land, pushing before him his plough, harnessed to a great white horse. Why lose a day? Because people were fighting, would the corn cease to grow, and the world to live?"

The close of a battle does not end its horrors. The search of his fiancée for the body of Honoré allows a description which has many passages of great power. It is true that they take us over in part the same ground that we have traversed before in the story of the battle itself; and

this has seemed a fault to some, but to our mind it is not an artistic defect, though it is certainly a bold venture of a writer sure of his power, to describe with equal vividness and care first the process and then the result. Here we see a boy picking up French rifles, for which the Germans are giving him five cents apiece; there a flock of crows rise from the fresh carrion. In Balan they found a group of dead zouaves seated as though carousing at a table. "Had they dragged themselves there, still living, to die together? Was it rather the Prussians who had picked them up, and set them around it as a mockery of the old French gayety?" But among all the horrors of this ghastly search, none seems to me so weird as this scene in the open field.

"Suddenly Prosper felt the ground shake under the trampling of a terrific charge. He turned, and had just time to cry to his companion: 'The horses, the horses; throw yourself behind that wall.'

"From the height of a neighboring slope an hundred horses, free, riderless, some still carrying all their trappings, plunged and rushed toward them at an infernal pace. They were the lost beasts who had remained on the field, and by instinct had gathered themselves in a troop. Without hay or oats since two days, they had cropped the scanty grass, nibbled the hedges, gnawed the bark of the trees, and when hunger pricked their bellies like a spur, they went off all together in a mad gallop, charged across the empty plain, crushing the dead, killing the wounded." Later on we hear that they were caught, one by one, and sold to the thrifty peasants for twenty francs apiece.

Human harpies were already stripping the dead, and the Germans were hastening their burial, compelling the peasants to the task, while in the midst of it all, we have this little picture. "At the farm-house there were only Prussians, with a servant and her child who had come back from the woods, where they had nearly died of hunger and thirst. It was a corner of patriarchal good humor (*bonhomie*), of worthy repose after the fatigues of the previous days. Some



soldiers were carefully brushing their uniforms hung on clothes-lines. Another was finishing a neat darn in his trousers, while in the middle of the court-yard the cook of the post had lighted a great fire over which the soup was boiling in a great pot, which exhaled a good odor of cabbage and lard. The conquest was already organizing itself with perfect tranquillity and discipline. You might have taken them for citizens, home again, smoking their long pipes. On a bench at the door, a great ruddy man had taken in his arms the servant's child, a boy of five or six, and he made him jump, and said little caressing words to him in German, much amused to see the child laugh at this strange language with the rough syllables, which he could not understand."

In Sedan itself there was a man-hunt for the soldiers who had hidden in garrets and cellars to escape captivity. But we must pass over this, as well as the temporary confinement of the starving army on the peninsular of Iges, where the German inability to provide at once for the needs of this multitude caused intense suffering. On the march to Germany, Maurice and Jean escape, but Jean is wounded and constrained to remain in secret, under the care of Henriette, during the whole winter, while Maurice gets finally to Paris in time to take part in the siege.

Henriette is a nurse in a military hospital, of which we have some vivid sketches, but her devoted care of Jean has gradually aroused in them both, quite unconsciously, mutual feelings of tenderness. Here first at the 510th page the shadow of romance passes across the naturalistic sky. But Jean is impatient to rejoin the army; he stays long enough however to witness the horrible murder of the Prussian spy, Goliath, by the *franc-tireurs*, for whom it is clear the author has no great sympathy. Jean rejoins Maurice at last in Paris, after the surrender, and on the eve of the Commune. Physical and moral suffering have upset the mental balance of the high-strung youth, and he sees the hope of the future only in the destruction of the present. Hence he is drawn into the vortex of the Commune, whither of course the sober-

minded Jean cannot follow him. "Oh, no, no, my dear, I won't stay, if it's for this pretty business," he says. "My captain told me to go to Vaugirard, with my men, and I'm going there. Though the thunder of God were there, I would go just the same. That's natural. You must feel that." In these brief words we have his character. And so they part, to meet again at the barricades, Jean piercing Maurice with his bayonet, in the midst of blazing Paris, and then, recognizing in the wounded man his brother in arms, bearing him home to Montmatre, whither Henriette has just made her way through a thousand perils, to find her brother mortally wounded, and her lover his murderer, to her, however he may have been to others, the executioner of a righteous judgment. It was the end of what had hardly had a beginning. There was nothing left for them but to sob, farewell. And so the book closes with dignified simplicity. "The ravaged field was fallow, the burned house levelled, and Jean, most humble, most dolorous, went on, marching to the future, to the great, the hard task, a whole France to be re-created."

This simplicity seems to us the height of art. Mr. Moore, in the *Fortnightly Review*, thinks "it to be deeply regretted that M. Zola did not throw history to the winds and develop the beautiful human story of the division of friends in civil war." Balzac, it seems, "would have given us another such picture of manly grief as we find in *Le Curé de Village*," or perhaps "he would have given us the cruelty of capture and the refusal of Jean to serve in the squad told off to shoot Maurice; Jean would have been condemned to death for insubordination, perhaps, and, again holding each other's hands, the friends would have died together." We dislike to differ from so eminent a critic, but it seems to us precisely Zola's greatness that he did not end it so, with a cheap appeal to sentiment, but that he makes Jean kill Maurice, as sane France killed the insane Commune, and then take up his task again with sad resolution. We have no quarrel with M. Zola's self-restraint here, but if we are to criticise aught

it would be in accord with this same critic, that he lacks it elsewhere. The book shows haste; it could have been filed, polished, and above all, pruned. It does not leave on us the vivid impression as a whole that branded itself on our minds from *Germinal* or *Nana*. Its place seems to us to be after these, with *L'Assommoir* and *La Terre*.

But even if we accord it this second place, it is a book for which modern literature is distinctly the richer. War is the scene of countless tales, but we have never had the like of this to bring before us with startling reality what war means; not to the general in his tent, but to the soldier in the field; how it rouses sometimes the best, more often the worst in our nature, how, finally, for a France, of which the Rougon-Macquart family were typical, it was the only road to regeneration, if haply there were yet a road, which time must show.

We have seen that Zola is looked on by some as a matter of yesterday. The recent and the latest phases of literary change, we do not say development, are not on naturalistic lines. Of course a school that counts the venerable Edmond de Goncourt as its *doyen*, and Huysmans, Alexis, Henique, and Ceard among its present or recent adherents is not dead, and this leaves out of account the neo-naturalists, Caraguel, Rosny, Mirbeau, Geffroy, and especially Hermant. But the criticism of the day is apt to take more notice of the newer schools, occultists, symbolists, psychologists, metaphysicians, or whatever they are pleased to dub themselves. Among all the romancers of these groups, however, we discern signs of longevity only in Maupassant and Bourget. The former was once a follower of Zola, then an introspective pessimist psychologist, and is now, alas! insane, having reached the goal to which his fellow psychologists are tending with somewhat greater speed than they. Maupassant is simply the unequalled master of the short story, never surpassed in concise power, strength and grace of style. Bourget is a *psychologiste intime* who has managed to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of the ladies of this per-

verse generation. He is peculiarly theirs, but he and his fellows, Lavedan and Barrès, belong rather to the school of Renan, a school which demands and will repay a separate study. For the present then: *Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*

To return to Zola. No author stands alone, whether as to his past or his future. The realism of Zola has its fore-runners in the accurate scenic descriptions of Gautier, and in the laborious psychological analyses of Balzac. The Goncourts, too, before his day had shown literature how to deal with the lowest social strata, as in *Germanie Lacertaux*. Indeed with Zola the whole matter is a question of degree. He proposes to be more true to nature than his predecessors, and by nature he proposes to understand not the nature of the reading, or the educated class, but of the great mass of the community. To his task he brings a wider and a keener observation than any of his contemporaries, but his books are not great because of their photographic accuracy, but because of the poetic idealism with which he infuses a naturalism that without this would be as dreary as the subjects of which it treats. If *Germinal* pictured the life of the average miner, it would be as that life itself is, oppressive in its narrowing, dull monotony. It avoids this, and gives us rather idealized types in which the genius of Zola has broken the bonds of his theory. The same has been the case with all his followers who have achieved success, or have deserved it. Of the five who coöperated with Zola in the *Soirées de Médan*, Maupassant soon drifted back to the early influences of Flaubert; Hennique, second in talent of the group, has become somewhat of an eclectic; Ceard records in Huret's *Enquête sur l'Evolution Littéraire* his view that the literature of imagination may justly claim a coördinate place with the literature of observation, while Alexis and Huysmans, more catholic than their pope, find but scanty fame or patronage. These caricatures of their masters have certainly met all the success they deserve. Huysmans makes himself the apostle of pessimism. If men would but read his books,



he might be a successful missionary, for one cannot deny that there is a distorted talent in the wearisome succession of nastiness which makes up *A Rebours* or *Là Bas*. But we were taught to read for something better than to give ourselves a literary nausea. We miss the moral purpose that made us patient with *Nana*. Nature is full of decay, but books that seem to spring from the phosphorescence of a rotting brain are not naturalistic, though their author may shelter himself beneath that flag. Indeed we grow impatient of these schools and cliques. "What matters it," says Mirbeau, in this same book of M. Huret, "if a book be by naturalist, psychologist or symbolist, if it is good? Labels are nonsense." An anxious classification into schools suggests the weakness of imitators rather than the robust originality of creative genius. This sterility, sheltering itself behind a cult of method and form, is the most discouraging element in the present literary outlook. It would perhaps be too much to say that it was due to the dilettante epicureanism which Renan has known how to clothe with such attractive grace. Certainly it is in entire accord with it. This inquiry, however, would lead too far afield, but the promise of the future seems to us to be with those who draw the strength of their work from the close study of reality, whose art is not for art's sake but for truth's sake. It is such men as Henique in the drama, and Rosny in fiction who are taking up and carrying on the work of Zola, none the less truly because they do not call themselves by his name.

B. W. WELLS.

### TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

ALL true critics and teachers of literature are aware of the impossibility involved in the endeavor to exhibit the genius of a great master of prose or poetry by mere abstract description, however faithful in conception or admirable in presentation. It is the concrete study of the kings of melody that reveals and portrays for us their supreme power—Dante in the "Divine Comedy," Goethe in "Faust," Shakspeare in "Hamlet," Milton in "Lycidas," Tennyson in "In Memoriam." Among the notable elegies of our language, such as "Lycidas," "Adonais," "Thyrsis," and Dryden's masterful ode in honor of Mistress Anne Killigrew, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" abides in its just and indisputable preëminence. "Lycidas" approaches it most nearly; but even "Lycidas" does not contest the palm.

"In Memoriam" appeared in 1850—the year of Wordsworth's death, and of Tennyson's accession to the office of Laureate. Among the elegies enumerated two sustain an especially intimate and suggestive relation to each other—"Lycidas" and "In Memoriam." In these two sovereign achievements there is an intensity of sincerity wrought into the heart of each, a sincerity that far transcends the limits of a merely personal sorrow. We do not forget Milton's allegorical drapery, nor his imitation of the "Alçon" of Castiglione; but it should be borne in mind that, in either case, the range is immensely wider and the scope immensely broader than is indicated by the existence of a simple bereavement, such as the death of Edward King, or of Arthur Henry Hallam.

A parallel between "Lycidas" and "In Memoriam" affords a rich and appropriate field for minute literary investigation. Edward King died in 1637, Arthur Hallam in 1833, an interval of nearly two centuries separating the two events. In 1637 the complex series of movements, embraced under

the concise designation of Puritanism, was nearing its climax. The policy of Laud in the ecclesiastical sphere, and the policy of Wentworth in the sphere of state, were converging to their issue. The Civil War was but five years in the future—1642. At this critical time "*Lycidas*" appeared, having been written in 1637, and published in a volume of college poems, commemorative of King's death, in 1638. It is evident that the hero is a mere shadow, for no such attachment existed between Milton and King as knit the soul of Alfred Tennyson to that of Arthur Hallam. The death of Milton's college friend is made a convenient pretext for bringing upon the poetic canvas the critical issues that were rending England in 1637. The poem is the defiant trumpet note of the Puritan spirit, the preluding strain of the grand sonnet of 1655, evoked by the massacre of the Vaudois. It is at this point that Milton ceases forever to be the purely literary poet of "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*," of "*Arcaides*" and "*Comus*." Religious fervor is blended with artistic grace to a degree rarely approached or rivalled in the evolution of our literature. It is the supreme accomplishment of Puritan genius in the sphere of art, and of art consecrated to religion. The note which is struck in "*Lycidas*" fades away only in the expiring tones of "*Samson Agonistes*."

The genesis of "*In Memoriam*" is brief and simple. During Alfred Tennyson's college life at Cambridge, he was brought into friendly and intimate relations with Arthur Henry Hallam, a fellow student of Trinity, and a son of the cold and judicial historian of the English Constitution, of the Middle Ages, and of the literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The intellectual character of young Hallam had been moulded amid auspicious environments, a circumstance which suggested the pleasing and graceful allusion contained in Section cix. of the poem:

Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry;  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk.

To this college-mate of Tennyson's, who was born on the 1st of February, 1811, Nature had been prodigal of her rarest gifts. Despite a marked antipathy to the study of mathematics, such as was characteristic of that other renowned scholar of Trinity, Lord Macaulay, and a lack of facility in remembering dates, Hallam's critical and creative power, as well as his range of attainment, was wide, versatile, and of an order that placed him among the dawning master-lights of his generation. Though educated for the legal profession and admitted to the bar, the strong propensity of his nature impelled him to the study of literature, and inspired him with a zealous devotion to the masters of Italian and Provençal poetry. His admiration for the Troubadours revealed itself in the affectionate assiduity which appeared in his exegesis of their lays. Of the "world-worn Dante" he was the skilful and subtle interpreter. It was this latter circumstance that elicited the familiar but grateful reminiscence in Section lxxxix. of the elegy:

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn.

His English sonnets were of no mean order. This is especially true of the sonnet addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson, the sister of the Laureate, which begins with the well-known line,

Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome.

Young Hallam's friendship for Miss Tennyson ripened into affection, and affection led to their betrothal when the young lady had reached the comparatively early age of seventeen years. The fates, however, were not auspicious. "The blind Fury, with the abhorred shears," soon "slit the thin-spun life." Arthur Hallam died in Vienna, whither he had gone in quest of health, on September 15th, 1833. He was found lying upon a sofa in his father's study, seemingly in gentle rest. The physical cause of his death was sudden rushing of blood to the head, to which he was subject, in



common with many who devote their days and nights to intellectual or scholarly pursuits. It was this constitutional tendency which produced the prominent bar or ridge that marked his forehead. The same feature has been observed in portraits of Michael Angelo, a circumstance that explains the allusion in the closing stanza of Section lxxxvii.:

And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo.

The manner of his death—a seeming sleep—is tenderly and pathetically recalled in the fifth stanza of Section lxxxv.,

—in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

Though Hallam died in 1833, the first edition of "In Memoriam" did not appear until 1850. In 1853, his father, the historian, printed for private circulation the "Remains" of Arthur Henry Hallam, a modest and unpretending volume, which nevertheless set forth in rich measure the rare potentialities and splendid possibilities of his extraordinary son. In all the annals of our race and language, no such monument has been reared to the memory of any man as Tennyson erected to the name and fame of Hallam, who,

—so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Although "In Memoriam" did not see the light until 1850, it is certain that the poet's "shaping spirit of imagination" began its creation not long after Hallam's death in 1833. It was written at various times and at various places—in Lincolnshire, Essex, Wales, London—whenever and wherever, to employ the poet's own language, the spirit moved him to the task. It is perhaps not generally known, even to students of Tennyson, that the first stanza, containing the memorable and much contested allusion, of which we shall speak later, was one of the very last parts of the poem, as it evolved itself in the process of composition from the hand of the author.

While many verbal and phrasal emendations have marked the fastidious revisions of the Laureate, there have been few additions to the body of the work. Among the most noteworthy of these is the section designated in later editions as No. xxxix., and incorporated into the poem in 1872-3.

A concise review of the tendencies of the age which saw the inception of "In Memoriam" is requisite to complete, and even to render intelligible, the broad lines of difference that distinguish the supreme elegy of Milton from the achievement of Tennyson, in the same delicate sphere of poetic art. The fervor of the great day which had succeeded the French Revolution was yielding to the prosaic uniformity of modern and contemporary life. Sir Walter Scott and Goethe had died in 1832, the year preceding Hallam's death, the year also of the great Reform Bill; Keats, Shelley, and Byron had passed to their account; Coleridge had long since abandoned poetry for philosophy and criticism; a rational appreciation of Wordsworth was gradually developing; Arnold was in the early years of his Rugby epoch; Macaulay had gained an assured fame by his Essay on Milton; "Pauline," Browning's first distinctive poem, was published in 1833, the year of Hallam's death; in 1834, Thomas Carlyle fixed his permanent abode in London; in July, 1833, Keble preached his sermon on the National Apostasy, which is regarded by judicious and discerning historians as marking definitely the beginning of the Anglo-Catholic movement; the teachings of the age of Laud appeared once more, inculcated by the mellow grace of Newman's style, always suggestive of immense reserve force, always lacking even the very suspicion of constraint or effort. As the poetry and romance of Sir Walter Scott fell back upon the mediæval day for inspiration, so the Oxford school—and Newman was an ardent admirer of Scott—fell back upon the vanished Catholic age, such as Laud had striven to recall in his endeavors after "the beauty of holiness."

"In Memoriam" was written between 1833 and 1849, the period that saw the inception, the expansion, and the climax

of the Oxford movement. The object of the poem, concisely expressed, is to portray the several phases of evolution or development through which a human soul, stricken with the burden of a great sorrow, may pass in the process of restoration and the attainment of supreme consolation. No creation of uninspired genius was ever less amenable to the charge of pantheism or the suspicion of agnosticism. No uninspired creation has presented the doctrine of a personal immortality with purer artistic grace or more definite and triumphant faith. The trumpet strain of "*Lycidas*" is not thrilled by deeper intensity of spiritual life. It is the anthem of an incoming millennium, the forecast of a golden day, when the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, shall be filled with those redeemed and august intelligences, of which Arthur Hallam was the personal foreshadowing, the concrete type.

The peculiar rhyming combination of "*In Memoriam*"—the first line of each stanza according with the fourth, the second with the third—is a theme by no means below the dignity of the assiduous investigator or the affectionate student of our metrical development. The stanza of "*In Memoriam*" has its prototype in the poetry of the Romance tongues, but its earliest advent in our vernacular speech was during the seminal and germinal age of great Elizabeth. It appears in the elegies evoked by the death of Sir Philip Sidney, in No. 39 of Ben Jonson's elegies in the "*Underwoods*," and is not unknown in the lighter lyrics of our own day. It is employed with felicitous ease by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his poem "*To Celinda*," and is attempted, though with a frail measure of success, by his saintly brother, George Herbert. Nor was it unknown to Dr. Donne, nor to the milder lights of our poesy during the seventeenth century, such as Abraham Cowley. More recently, it has been used by Tennyson's friend and contemporary, Arthur Hugh Clough, in his "*Peschiera*," by Rossetti in "*My Sister's Sleep*," and by Gerald Massey in his "*Babe Christabel*." Perhaps it may be regarded as an ungracious task to recall

to the consciousness of our readers the fact that this renowned stanza has been thrilled with the breath of a new life by a Southern poet, whose lips were touched by a live coal from off the altar, and whose obsolescence and decadence is our shame and our reproach.<sup>1</sup>

Were time available, it would prove an instructive and suggestive process to trace the germs of "In Memoriam," as they may be discovered in other and earlier phases of the Laureate's work. The allusion in the first stanza of the poem proper has been the subject of prolonged and unsatisfying controversy. By a strange and arbitrary critical procedure it was interpreted as a reference to Longfellow's "Ladder of St. Augustine," which appeared some years in advance of the first edition of "In Memoriam." The question has been settled for all time by Lord Tennyson himself who, a few months before his death, declared that, as the immortal passage was shaping and vitalizing in his imagination, he had in mind one of the last utterances of Goethe—"From changes to higher changes"—and that this was the suggestion or inspiration of a stanza which has engrafted itself in the literary consciousness of all English-speaking men. Nor do the lines refer, in any exclusive or even principal sense, to our follies, frailties, and vices, but to those general experiences, vicissitudes, and disasters upon which every human life is built, and from which we rise or emerge, as upon "stepping-stones," to nobler, purer, and holier achievement. It is "the character that builds itself in the stream of the world." From another point of view it is the translating of "the stubbornness of fortune" into a more quiet and sweet "style."

The compass of "In Memoriam" is practically boundless. All shades of mental and spiritual development alternate; hope and despair, but hope triumphant through faith; every feature of our complex modern life, its struggles and yearnings; the dawning of our rich and varied scientific attain-

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<sup>1</sup> See Henry Timrod's "Carmen Triumphale."



ment; the unfolding of political consciousness; the "streams of tendency" that manifested themselves in France and Germany as the evolution of the poem was drawing toward its consummation; the revival of antique forms and long-gone idioms; rare allusions, recondite touches, imagery that rivals the drapery of the Italian Renaissance, or the decorous graces of the elder world; each is lucidly mirrored; all blend in the incomparable harmony. As "*Lycidas*" is the crowning achievement of the Puritan genius in the sphere of art, and of art consecrated to religion, so "*In Memoriam*" is the purest and subtlest interpretation of that many-sided myriad life, in its higher aspects and deeper phases, which is the characteristic of our own unique age. In the eras that are to follow, it will be accredited as the "master-light of all our seeing." . . . .

It is needless to add, in bringing our article to a close, that this outline is merely the germ of a mature critical study of "*In Memoriam*." The aim is not to exhaust nor even greatly to elaborate, but to quicken. Every successive reading has impressed us more and more with the boundless possibilities of this surpassing effort of poetic power, tempered by an incomparable artistic grace, and illuminated by the highest spiritual discernment. As numbered among those who trust "the larger hope," we shall be glad to extend, in our imperfect measure, the range and potency of a work which we regard as one of the noblest and purest inspirations of our own life.

HENRY E. SHEPHERD.

#### NOTE ON ELEGIAC POETRY.

IN reading recent notices and criticisms of "In Memoriam," called forth by the death of Tennyson, we have been impressed with the fact that our poetical terminology is in many respects incomplete and unsatisfactory. The writers, as a rule, unite in speaking of the Laureate's most popular production as an elegy, and in coupling it with such poems as "Lycidas," "Adonais," "Thyrsis," and Dryden's verses in memory of Mistress Anne Killigrew. But obviously, if all these poems are elegies, the term has a very wide and vague signification, which becomes still wider and vaguer if we make it include all the varieties of poetry that the Greeks were accustomed to express by their "much-enduring" word *ἔλεγος*. But critics and poets are by no means at one in their use of the term, either in a wide or in a narrow sense. Mr. Stedman, in his *Victorian Poets*, has no hesitation in speaking of Arnold's pastoral elegy, "Thyrsis," as a "threnode," although the latter term, as its derivation implies, should plainly be used only of a *song* of lamentation which "Thyrsis" just as plainly is not. Dryden called his great poem, mentioned above, an ode. Cowley seems to have regarded his regular ode, "On the Death of Mr. William Harvey," as an elegy, while Collins entitled his equally regular stanzas in memory of Thomson, an ode. Mickle, with naïve inclusiveness gave his poem, "Pollio," which was written in orthodox elegiac quatrains, the title of "an elegiac ode;" while Lyttleton preferred to regard his Pindaric ode on his Lady's death, as a monody. On the other hand Bishop King termed his more regular and more touching poem on a similar occasion, an exequy; while Byron was more, but not entirely correct in entitling his lines, spoken at Drury Lane on the death of Sheridan, a monody. It would be needless, however, to cite further examples of the confusion that

seems to exist in the minds of most poets as to whether they shall call their productions dirges, laments, requiems, elegies, odes, threnodies, monodies, or memorial verses. It is plain enough that our poetical terminology is far from settled, if it is possible to include Gray's tender moralizings on human life, Dryden's impassioned stanzas on a sister poet, Milton's blending of shepherd's pipe and angel's trump, Shelley's neo-Alexandrian idyl, Byron's plaintive stanzas to Thyrza, and Tennyson's profound reflections on death and immortality under the class-name "elegy"—to say nothing of the elegies of Solon, Tyrtæus, Mimnermus, Tibullus, Propertius, and the English Hammond. In view of this confusion, the following suggestions as to the adoption of a uniform terminology with regard to elegiac verse may not be unwelcome.

In order fully to explain and justify the suggestions we are about to make, it would be necessary to discuss at some length the history of the elegy. For this, however, space is wanting. It must suffice to say that elegiac poetry has had a continuous history from the time of Homer to the present. There is, perhaps, no category of poetry or of literature that so conclusively proves the essential unity of literature—a fact of which critics are often just as oblivious as historians are of the unity of history. The *linus-song*, the *ialemus*, and the *threnus* of the earliest times are akin to what we know variously as the *dirge*, the *threnody*, and their numerous synonyms. The elegy, which was introduced from Phrygia<sup>1</sup> about the time of Callinus of Ephesus (B. C. 776), along with the flute and the well-known elegiac distich, had in all probability from the start the characteristic of plaintive melancholy which we now associate with it. In its first development, however, at the hands of Callinus, Archilochus, Tyrtæus, and Solon, it was used rather for purposes of political and patriotic incitement than for the ex-

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<sup>1</sup>See, as to the Phrygian origin of the elegy, Perrot and Chipiez. *History of Art in Phrygia, etc.* London, 1892. Vol. I. pp. 28, 29.

pression of personal sorrow. It received this last note at the hands of Mimnermus, and, if we except the gnomic use made of it by Theognis and some of his contemporaries, it has kept this note until our own day. The plaintive love-elegies of Mimnermus undoubtedly served as models to Philetas of Cos, the father of the love-elegies of the Alexandrians; and through him and his successors the influence of the lover of Nanno was passed on to the Romans. From Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid many a modern poet has caught his inspiration to sing the perennial sorrows of them that love "not wisely but too well," although few have imitated Hammond in entitling their effusions "*élégies*."

But the Alexandrians added an epic, or rather idyllic, note to the elegy, which has greatly affected its subsequent fortunes.<sup>1</sup> "The Song of Daphnis" of Theocritus, "The Song of Adonis" of Bion, and the elegy on Bion of Moschus are the prototypes of all the pastoral elegies that have since been written. It is impossible for us to understand or appreciate to the full the poetic beauty of "*Lycidas*," "*Adonais*," or "*Thyrsis*" without first having read these exquisite elegiac idyls, in which the sensuousness and passivity of the East are charmingly blended with the love of pure beauty and the energy of the West. Reading them, one is tempted to wonder why the lover of Theocritus did not celebrate the death of Hallam in a pastoral elegy; but when one remembers what has come down to us concerning the "*Lyde*" of Antimachus, with its digressions from a strictly elegiac tone to mythological speculations, one is convinced that even the "*In Memoriam*" does not mark a new type of elegiac poetry. In fine, no point in the history of literature is more certain than the continuity of the typical forms of elegiac poetry from the days of the Greeks to our own. But we must hasten to discuss these forms.

It is obvious, from the subjective nature of elegiac verse, that it is the outcome of the lyrical impulse, or, to make use

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<sup>1</sup> It must not be overlooked that among primitive peoples lament often took an epic form.



of Mr. Theodore Watts's admirable classification of poets,<sup>1</sup> it is the work of poets of "relative dramatic vision," or of egoistic imagination. It is difficult to see how "absolute dramatic vision" could be employed on it, although, of course, this is not saying that a poet of this highest class could not or would not write an elegy. It is plain, however, from its history, that elegiac poetry may be written not only by the pure lyrists, but by that class of "quasi-dramatists" in which are included such names as those of Milton, Shelley, and, we may add, Theocritus. Naturally the elegies of this class will be less simple and spontaneous, but more dramatic, more artistic, more full of splendid power, than those of the pure lyrists; still we must hold that elegiac poetry falls properly under the head of lyrical poetry, although it is sometimes fused with narrative or epic notes. In other words, the elegy ranks as a subdivision of lyric poetry, with the ode, the song, and the sonnet.

The divisions of lyric poetry are numerous, but, perhaps, the best is that which follows the nature of the poet's emotions according as they are (1) simple, (2) enthusiastic or roused, (3) reflective, in which the intellectual mingles with the emotional.<sup>2</sup> It is plain that the elegy and elegiac poetry in general can rarely fall under the second head—grief and complaint (the *querimonia* of the Romans) do not, as a rule, air themselves in roused or enthusiastic lyrics, of which the ode is the type. It is equally plain that there may be elegies and elegiac poetry expressing simple emotions whereby the poem becomes an utterance of immediate feeling. But it is the song that is the type of this sort of poetry, and it would seem to be best, on the whole, to give the elegy a different name when it takes the form of a song—whether we call it dirge, requiem, lament, threnody, or coronach.

The dirge, as its derivation shows, is connected with an antiphon sung in the burial service; hence the term includes

<sup>1</sup> See his article on *Poetry* in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*.

<sup>2</sup> This classification is used by Professor Gummere in his excellent *Handbook of Poetics*.

any funeral hymn, any song or tune expressing grief, lamentation, or mourning—generally for a particular person.<sup>1</sup> Collins's "Dirge in Cymbeline" is an excellent example. The requiem was originally sung for the repose of the soul of a dying or deceased person, and the verses should bear out this purpose strictly. The exquisite song in "The Maid's Tragedy" is a familiar example. Both dirge and requiem differ from the elegy, in that the latter not only need not necessarily be sung, but ought not to be sung; and both terms are applicable when the music is unaccompanied by words. Neither the lament nor the threnody differs much in scope from the dirge, except, perhaps, that the former is somewhat more general in its application. Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George" is a good example of the lament. The coronach is merely the Gaelic for a dirge or funeral song, and it is scarcely necessary to recall to the reader Sir Walter Scott's spirited "He is gone on the mountain." All these words, as well as such phrases as "funeral song," are used very indiscriminately, and it would seem best to distinguish them from the elegy and from elegiac poetry by holding that the latter terms apply to *poems* and the former to *songs*. If this distinction be accepted, it is plain that elegies will fall under the head of reflective lyrics, and that with them as with the sonnet, which falls under the same head, perfection of form is even more necessary than with the song, because the artistic pretensions are much more pronounced.<sup>2</sup>

An elegy then may, perhaps, be best defined for our purpose as a lyrical poem of a reflective cast lamenting the death of a particular person or persons. Generally one human being is the subject of an elegy, but it would be perfectly admissible to write an elegy on the death of two or more persons, *e. g.*, a joint elegy on Shelley and Keats. It need hardly be added that an animal may be the subject of an elegy when, as in the case of Matthew Arnold's verses on Geist and Matthias, the treatment is almost personal. Catul-

<sup>1</sup> See *The Century Dictionary* for this and the other words defined.

<sup>2</sup> See the article of Theodore Watts cited above.

lus's exquisite verses on Lesbia's sparrow are, on the other hand, hardly personal and reflective enough to justify the title of elegy. A god or hero may also be honored with an elegy, as we see in the case of Bion's "Song of Adonis." A poem like Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George," in which the death of a number of persons is bewailed, falls, as we have said, more naturally under the head of a lament. A poem like Gray's famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," in which the elegiac tone applies rather to the race at large than to the "youth to fortune and to fame unknown," is, if our definition be accepted, more properly an elegiac poem than an elegy. So, too, reflective lyrics into which complaint or melancholy enters largely, are better described as elegiac poems than as elegies, although usage has certainly sanctioned the latter term. The wide use which the Greeks made of the word "elegy" is, however, best avoided in English. Patriotic and gnomic poems, such as those of Tyrtaeus, Solon, and Theognis, may be more properly classed simply as reflective or moral lyrics, or, when sufficient enthusiasm enters into their composition, as odes. It is to be observed further that we are debarred in English from connecting the term "elegiac" with an exclusive metrical form. We have, it is true, the elegiac quatrain, in which Gray's "Elegy" is written, but this stanza has been often used for other purposes, as in Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis," and some of our greatest elegies have been written in other stanzas, such as the Spenserian,<sup>1</sup> or without any stanzaic form at all. An elegy can even be written in stanzas more especially proper to the ode, as in the case of Dryden's verses on Mistress Anne Killigrew. These verses, as we have seen, were entitled by their author an ode—with some justice, too, as the enthusiasm natural to the ode is not wanting to the poem which might, with some plausibility, be argued not to be an elegy at all.

Of elegies, in the strict sense we have defined, two distinct

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<sup>1</sup> Spenser's own elegies, curiously enough, make no use of this stanza.

classes may be pointed out. One we shall call the *simple* or the *direct*, the other we shall call the *complex*, or better still, the *artistic*. In the simple elegy the grief of the poet is expressed not so simply or spontaneously as in a dirge, but still in an unelaborate and artless way as compared with the elegies of the second class. In the latter the emotion of the poet, who generally possesses a high "relative vision," is expressed much less directly, being veiled or held in by the elaborate machinery, metrical and other, of the poem. In Dryden's verses just cited, it is veiled or merged in the rapture which carried the poet into the ode form, and in the elaborate art necessary to sustain this form. In "Lycidas," "Adonais," and "Thyrsis," the three great English elegies in our sense of the term, it is veiled in the pastoral setting of the elegy. This veiling of the poet's emotion really heightens its effect on much the same principle that suggestion is often more forcible than direct statement, and on the principle that restraint is the basis of all true art. Just so the grief that is veiled under the conventional restraints of social usage is felt in many cases to be more intense than that which gives vent to itself in the tears and wild gesticulations of the lower classes. For this reason "Lycidas," whatever may have been Milton's actual relations with Edward King, has always seemed to us to strike the deepest note of personal sorrow ever struck by an English poet—we do not except even Tennyson's heartfelt utterances in "In Memoriam." If any one wishes to test the effect of this artistic restraint, let him carefully compare "Lycidas" with the simple but admirable elegy on Pætus, by the great Roman elegist, Propertius, making allowance, of course, for the difference in poetic powers of the two poets.<sup>1</sup> It must not be forgotten, however, that there have been some very moving elegies of the simple or less artistic class, *e. g.*, Bishop King's

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<sup>1</sup>This comparison has been well made by the late Professor Sellar, *Horace and the Elegiac Poets*, pp. 312-314, but he does not lay sufficient stress upon the pastoral setting of "Lycidas."



"Exequy"—a poem which is as touching in its sincerity as it is quaint in its designation.

The pastoral elegy, to which we have, as is natural, paid most attention, is so unique a form of poetic art that it deserves to be regarded as a distinct sub-variety of the artistic elegy. As we have said, it can be studied only in connection with the kindred work of the great Alexandrians; and a definitive volume on this subject would be a welcome addition to our critical literature. Its relations with the pure pastoral or bucolic are, of course, intimate, but we cannot enter into them here further than to caution the reader against much that is said about the artificiality of this sort of poetry. There have been artificial pastorals which belong to the waste-basket of literature, but, as we have just seen, there are high and great uses to which poetic artificiality can be put.

Our narrowed use of the term "elegy" leaves a large class of reflective lyrics so nearly akin to the elegy as to warrant the name of elegiac poetry. This class often differs from the true elegy only in the fact that its content of lament or *querimonia* is general and not specific. We must notice further that there have been poems the main intent of which is elegiac, but in which the poet is led into disquisitions of a moral or speculative nature foreign to the elegy—which renders it difficult to class such poems as true elegies, although they may be much greater than these. Such are the "Lyde" of Antimachus and the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. It must also be remembered that such distinct metrical or poetic forms as the sonnet can be used for elegiac purposes,<sup>1</sup> as well as forms not specifically poetic, as the allegory; *e. g.*, Chaucer's "Book of the Duchess," and Spenser's "Daphnida."

It remains only to say a word about epitaphs and memorial verses, such as Arnold's lines on the death of Words-

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<sup>1</sup> The ballad, too, can be used for elegiac purposes, *e. g.*, the remarkable verses in memory of Edward I., which, by both Warton and Bishop Percy, is styled an elegy, but is rather an imitation of the Provençal dirge (ten Brink I., 321, Eng. trans.).

worth. These are separated from elegies by the fact that strictly the former should be short enough to be inscribed on a tomb, and that they are necessarily less elaborate than the simplest elegy, although marked, of course, by the elegiac tone; while the latter are, strictly speaking, poems that *recall* the worth and merits of the deceased rather than lament their passing away, although here, too, the elegiac tone is rarely wanting. It is further apparent that to be striking the epitaph should possess epigrammatic qualities that are foreign to the elegy.<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson is, of course, the greatest writer of English epitaphs, but Pope and Herrick have approached him. His verses to Shakspeare are, probably, at the head of English memorial poems, but Matthew Arnold is the typical English poet for this class of composition.<sup>2</sup> Memorial verses in which praise enters very largely, may well be termed encomiastic verses, as by Dr. Johnson, although this term is plainly applicable to poems addressed to living persons as well.

W. P. T.

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<sup>1</sup> The Elizabethans frequently confused the terms "elegy" and "epitaph," *e. g.*, Turberville's "Epitaph on the Death of Maister Arthur Brooke"—an elegy which suggests comparison with "Lycidas" and with that on Pætus. The distinction between the two terms is well brought out, however, by Beaumont in his charming "Epitaph," beginning, "Here she lies whose spotless fame."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Stedman's fine poem on Hawthorne is sufficiently elevated in tone to merit the name of ode.

## OLD NORTHUMBRIAN WORTHIES.

THE history of Northumbria during the seventy years that separate the synod of Whitby (664) from the death of Bede (735) is most interesting and full of generous inspiration. Perhaps never has a Christian mission found soil so fit for the planting of the seeds of the faith, or has had more ground to rejoice in the holy zeal of the first generations of its converts. In 631 the only Christians in Northumbria were King Oswald and twelve men in his invading army. So at least says Cummene the almost contemporary abbot of Hy (Iona)<sup>1</sup>. A hundred years later this kingdom had become the light of Christian Europe, the home of its greatest saints and of its greatest scholar; and this repute of learning and sanctity endured even after it had ceased to be deserved. It was from Northumbria that Alcuin carried the torch of learning to the court of Charles the Great, and the scholarship of Bede commanded and deserved the admiration of the entire Middle Ages.

The first of the Northumbrian saints in time, and the one whose life made the most wide-spread if not the deepest impression on the devotion of after ages, was King Oswald, he who, on the eve of the battle that was to give him his throne, set up with his own hands a cross and called aloud to his assembled followers: "Let us all bend our knees and adore the omnipotent God, the living, the true, that he may defend us in his pity from the proud and fierce enemy; for he knows that we have undertaken a just war for the salvation of our people." This cross was the first Christian monument in all Bernicia. The king and his army were sheep without a shepherd. It was natural that they should turn for spiritual guidance to that monastery where the youth of Oswald him-

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<sup>1</sup>Cummene, *Vita Columbæ*, i, Cp. Bede, *Eccl. Hist.*, iii. i. Of course there was a small band of converts with James, near York, but these seem to have been distinguished by harmless inactivity during all this period.

self had been sheltered, and Iona sent him Aidan, the second of the Northumbrian saints, the spiritual father of the missionaries who were to plant and maintain the cross in Mercia, Essex, and Sussex; to support the wavering faith in East Anglia and Wessex; and at last, through the king whose policy they guided, to unite the English Church under the wise rule of Theodore.

One would not alter, for one cannot better, Bede's picture of Aidan: "He lived as he preached. He cared not to seek or to love any worldly thing. All that was given him by the rich he delighted to give to the poor. He used not to go about on horseback unless it was necessary, but on foot through all the towns and country places; and as often as in his walk he saw any, whether rich or poor, he turned aside quickly to them and invited them to baptism if they were heathen, or comforted them in the faith if they were Christian, and excited them by words and deeds to charity and good works. But his life was so far distant from the sloth of our time that all that went about with him, whether tonsured or lay, must devote themselves to reading the scriptures or learning psalms. Such was his daily task, and that of all who were with him, wherever they might be. And if, as chanced rarely, he was called to the royal feast, he entered with a cleric or two, and when he was a little refreshed, he hastened the more quickly to betake himself to reading or prayer. . . . Never for honor or fear did he spare the rich, if they had done aught amiss, but corrected them sharply. He never gave any money to the powerful of this world, but only food, if he entertained any. On the contrary, those gifts of money which he received from the rich, he spent either for the benefit of the poor or for the redemption of those who were sold unjustly. Many whom he had redeemed for money he made his disciples, and taught and trained them for the priesthood."

Thus Aidan took the first step toward the founding of a national Church, and his school at Lindisfarne attracted the flower of Northumbrian youth. Hither came the boy, Eta,

first abbot of Melrose, teacher of Boisil and Saint Cuthbert ; here Chad learned his first lessons of holy humility, while the same teaching fired the restless ambition of Wilfrid. The desolate Lindisfarne soon ceased to be a solitude, and constant mission journeys built in the hearts of the people a sure foundation for the Church.

How sure this foundation was appeared when the battle of Masserfield ended Oswald's life and broke for a time the power of Northumbria. Oswald had fallen in a struggle with expiring heathenism, and in after times he seemed a martyr to the faith. Among all the Teutonic races, even to far-off Bavaria, he became the typical Christian hero. He had not been dead a hundred years before his relics were working miracles in Ireland and Frisia. Legends gathered about him as they had about Attila and Theodoric, and there are traces of his cult even in Bohemia.

Masserfield was whitened with the bones of saints, as the pious historian tells us, but their death did but kindle in the survivors a new ardor of sacrifice. Through the anarchy that followed, Aidan piloted the Church with steady confidence into the calmer waters of Oswy's reign. Many stories are told of him, illustrating at once his childlike piety and Celtic humor. His end was characteristic. His will, conquering his bodily infirmity, had supported him through his priestly office, when, as he was leaving the little church at Bamborough, where he had been ministering, he sank against one of the buttresses and there, at his post, like a faithful soldier of the Cross, he passed from the militant to the triumphant Church. It was the death he would have chosen.

His successors shared, indeed, his piety, but they lacked his consecrated ability. It was his pupils that carried on his work. The centre of Northumbrian interest passes for a time from Lindisfarne to Melrose on the Tweed. The site of this mission station was not that of the present ruin. It suggested rather a fortress than a pious retreat, and had none of the romantic charm of the neighboring Norman abbey. Rude wattled huts sheltered the piety of the monks whose



only security was their poverty. Eta was their abbot, Boisil their prior. Precept and example spread the fame of their sanctity among their rude countrymen, and when the young Cuthbert was moved to withdraw from the world, he found there all that he sought.

Of the birth and early years of this great saint, the records are both meagre and conflicting. Irish writers say, and it is not impossible, that he was of Scotch birth, and came in infancy with his mother to Lothian, where he became a shepherd boy. Here, it is said, his future episcopate was foretold. It was at least already plain that he would prove no common man. All stories of his boyhood represent him as full of healthy spirits and youthful vigor. "He took delight in mirth and clamor," says his biographer, Bede, "and liked to share in the company and sports of others; and, since he was agile and quick witted, he often prevailed over them in their boyish contests, and often, when the rest were tired, he would hold out and look triumphantly about to see if any remained to contend with him for victory; for he boasted that in running, jumping, wrestling, and any other bodily exercise, he could surpass all of his own age, and even some that were older."

As a shepherd, he had time for meditations such as had changed the life of that other shepherd boy, St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland. Serious thoughts thronged his early manhood and ripened to a strong purpose. The night of August 31st, 651, decided his career. He had seen a multitude of shooting stars that filled his mind with a wonder that changed to awe when he heard that it was on that very night that Aidan had been taken from the universal veneration of his people. His eager fancy saw in those meteors angels descending to bear the soul of the holy bishop to heaven. He was not one to shun the vocation that had come to him. The boy of fifteen left his flock, took horse and spear, and, like a soldier of the Church militant, rode to Melrose and consecrated his long life there to the service of God. Thus Aidan's death raised up a worthy successor to his virtues and his work.

Boisil was standing by the gate of the monastic inclosure and greeted the unknown postulant with the prophetic words: "Behold a servant of the Lord." With him and Eta for his masters, Cuthbert spent thirteen years at Melrosé, "surpassing all in reading, work, watching, and prayer." It was in 664, the year of pestilence, that he was called to the deathbed of Boisil. "I have but seven days to live," said that heroic missionary; "learn all you can of me;" and so during these last days they read together the Gospel of St. John, "not critically," says Bede, "but with simple faith."

Cuthbert became prior of Melrose, spending years in humble and arduous missionary labor among a still barbarous people. He was often absent for weeks on these upland journeys, penetrating even to Galloway, where the name Kirk-Cuthbright even now attests his presence. He still continued to surpass all his friends in prayer, work, and vigils, and was ever foremost where hard work was to be done; but though he abstained wholly from wine, he was too wise to weaken his body by overfasting. His energy, ability, and sanctity, made him a marked man, and Eta, who had become bishop, summoned him to the abbacy of Lindisfarne. Already strange tales had begun to be told of his power in prayer. At Melrose he had calmed the waves and the troubled souls of the possessed, fire had yielded to his prayer, and when once trusting in God, he had foreborne to provide himself with food, an eagle had dropped a great fish at his feet. At Lindisfarne Eta had bidden him teach the rule of monastic perfection, so easily relaxed in all the Scotch monasteries. It needed all the tact and patience of his long experience to win the monks to hardness, and indeed, if his rule was taken from Iona, it must have touched the limit of human endurance on so bleak a spot. It is more probable, however, that his reforms were in the Benedictine spirit, for Wilfrid had introduced this rule at Ripon, and Biscop had made it the base of his eclectic discipline at Weremouth. Whatever their nature, the changes were unpopular. Cuthbert was obliged to argue, plead, and pray; but he brought

them at last to his mind; for, says Bede, "he was a man of wonderful patience and showed a cheerful face to all annoyances." They came at last to love and reverence one who "was always glad to be roused from sleep to do something useful," and always asked less of them than he imposed on himself. He was seen to pass successive nights in vigils and solitary walks about the island, or to seek some secret place for fervent prayer. At mass, they said, "he was so aflame with heavenly longing that he could never finish it without shedding tears." His holy life attracted Queen Ethelthryth to make for him a stole and maniple, but he was not one to encourage her fantastic devotion, and he kept the king's favor after she had deserted him for the cloister. It is remarkable that, in spite of this royal friendship, Cuthbert could remain wholly free in the struggle for the see of York. We may tell the whole story of Wilfrid without mentioning Cuthbert's name.

After a few years Cuthbert left his honorable and useful life at Lindisfarne to seek a more than monastic isolation at Farne. It may seem to our day sinfully selfish to leave so great a field of usefulness for solitary meditation. To his contemporaries it set the seal on his sanctity. It extended his influence and the Christian cause more than years of labor among the monks would have done. But he was too wise to counsel others to imitate him. Of his austerities and intimate communion with Nature the monks told many strange tales that need not detain us here. He was not much alone, for a stream of priests and pilgrims came to him for counsel. Nor was he suffered to remain long in seclusion. The archbishop, the king, and the unanimous voice of the council of Twyford called him in 684 to the vacant see of Hexham. But their unanimity did not conquer his aversion. Repeated summons proved vain. At last the king, with Bishop Trumwin and the chief dignitaries of the Church, knelt with the monks of Lindisfarne and besought him to accept the office. His consecration at York was the most stately yet witnessed in England; and princely gifts of

land attested the regard of the king and his counsellors. And the gifts had fallen to worthy hands, for within two years all were centres of monastic activity, of education, and civilization, a work circumscribed, but not checked, by the reverses of the Northumbrian state.

Cuthbert had a brief episcopate, but he left a deeper impression on the hearts of his countrymen than any other Anglo-Saxon. Bede speaks thus of the fruitful labors of those two years: "He guarded the people committed to him by constant prayers, and called them to heaven by healthful admonition; and, what helps teachers most, he first set an example by doing what he taught should be done. Above all, he was fervid with the glow of divine charity, modest in the strength of his patience, most earnestly devoted to prayer, affable to all who came to him for consolation, thinking that to exhort weak brothers might take the place of prayer."

Cuthbert thought he had premonitions of his approaching death, and, toward the close of 685, he retired to his hermitage once more. He believed that he had received many tokens of divine favor, in more than human prescience and power, but such gifts humbled, rather than exalted him. Many wonders were told of him by the monks of Lindisfarne. Some, indeed, are commonplaces of hagiography. To foretell the death of others or of one's self, to heal diseases with chrism or with holy water, or the *eulogiæ*, to turn water to wine, to raise or still tempests, are usual attributes of mediæval saints. Others are so characteristic of him as to bear the stamp of genuineness. He had gone on a mission journey in the wild uplands. For two days he had been preaching in a wood where he had built him a hut of boughs. Hither some women came to ask if they might bring a sick boy whom they had left on a litter by the woodside. His recovery rewarded their halting faith. Again, he came to a hamlet where the plague raged, and "nearly all were sick or dead." By the wayside he saw a woman with a dead child and another dying in her arms. The latter he restored to life with a prayerful kiss, and assured the mother that the

plague should be stayed. Such was the daily life of a bishop in the Cheviots twelve hundred years ago. It was from labors like these that the venerable man retired to his island to be a little while alone with God. "When may we hope for your return?" said the monks at Lindisfarne. "When you bring back my body," was his characteristic reply.

After two months he fell sick and began to give his last directions. Here was his coffin, gift of Abbot Cudda; there the shroud that Abbess Verca had wrought. He would be laid south of his cell with his face toward a cross planted by his own hand to be the first object that his eyes should rest on when he should be called from the dead. Again, he bade them leave him, and, being delayed by a storm, they returned after five days to find him dying. He thought it natural they should talk to him of his burial. They wished his body to lie in their church. To this he assented with reluctance, for he said he feared that fugitives and criminals would flock to his tomb and be a burden to the monks; "for such as I am, fame reports that I am a servant of God, and so you may think it necessary to intercede for them before secular rulers." This anticipation of posthumous glory was characteristic of the time, and no doubt was the unconscious motive of much asceticism. But Cuthbert seems to have been proof against the temptation and suffered but two witnesses of his death. With eyes raised and outstretched hands, lying against the altar of his cell, "his soul intent on heavenly melodies," he breathed his last as the monks without were singing *Deus repulisti* (Ps. lx.).

No saint has a more remarkable posthumous history than Cuthbert. On the eleventh anniversary of his death, the bishop determined to enshrine his body, but when the monks opened his coffin, they started back in awful surprise, for he lay before them as if he had not been dead a day, and his garments were still fresh. To be sure he shared this attribute with Ethelthryth, Ethelburg, Milthryth, and the later Wistan, in England, and with Fursey and many others on the continent; but the confident assertion of the monks and



the saint's splendid enshrinement greatly stimulated Northumbrian devotion. Even in Bede's day, miraculous virtues were attributed to Cuthbert's garments and hair, his fame spread southward, and Malmesbury tells how he appeared to Alfred in the darkest days of Wessex to reassure the king and to relieve his necessities.

His monks would not trust Cuthbert, however, to protect his own shrine from the Danes, and, seeking refuge in Ireland, they carried his body, in 875, as far as the mouth of the Derwent. Storms barred their passage and they bore him thence up the coast to Wihtern, where Ninnian had preached four centuries before. For eight years the shrine wandered, to rest at last at Chester-le-Street, whence, after nearly a century, fear drove the monks with their treasure to Ripon, and soon after to Durham. But here the relics chose their final resting place, miraculously refusing to be carried further. At first a slight church sheltered the body, but it was soon replaced by one of stone, the beginning of the present cathedral. Here, save for a brief interval in 1069, Cuthbert's body has remained to this day, but not undisturbed. It was reënshrined in 1104, together with relics of Bede, Ceolwulf, and King Oswald. From this shrine it was torn by Puritans in 1542, and interred in the cathedral, whence it was exhumed in 1827, with fragments of the coffin of 1104. The bones, which had long been without flesh, were swathed in many clothes, and the sockets of the eyes were filled with a white composition, suggesting a pious fraud that Cuthbert would have been first to spurn. The bones are now in the cathedral library. But Cuthbert is best enshrined, and his memory finds its most enduring monument, in the biographies of Herefrid and Bede.

The name of Bede brings us to the twin monasteries of Weremouth and Yarrow. Around these gather some of the most delightful memories of Anglo-Saxon Christendom, all of which are associated with Bede's name, either as their actor or their historian. Both in their size and their work, these two communities were the most important during the

whole of this first period. Both owed their origin to Benedict Biscop, a Northumbrian by birth, but Kentish and in part Roman in his training. Archbishop Theodore had testified to his esteem for Biscop's abilities by making him abbot of the great house of St. Augustine in Canterbury, but he left this post for a fourth visit to Rome in 671. It is interesting to notice with what zeal he employed there both his money and his friends in the service of his scholarly tastes. He gathered by purchase and by gift a very considerable library, while a large collection of relics attested at once the inexhaustible stores of the Eternal City and the devotion of the pilgrim. On his return to England he hoped to find a welcome with his former patron, King Cenwalh, of Wessex; but when he heard of his death, he turned northward to find in Egfrid, of Northumbria, a monarch as munificent and more steadfast than the West Saxon had proved himself, either to Agilbert or to Wini. Won by his learning, his books, and his relics, the king next year gave him seventy hides of land at the mouth of the Wear for a monastery, where he might use his great gifts to advance the culture of the kingdom. Here the royal bounty enabled him to raise a pile that rivalled the great houses of the continent, while the rule of his community marked the contrast between the Scots and the Romans, the Church of his birth and that of his adoption. For its completion he spared neither money nor toil. In 675 he left the work well in progress to go to Gaul, and returned thence with such skilled artisans that that very year mass could be said within the walls of the new monastery. Again he sent to Gaul, summoning thence the first glass-blowers ever seen in England; nor did he suffer them to return till they had taught others the secret of their precious craft. That nothing might be wanting to the dignity of the divine service in so beautiful a church, he imported, also, such sacred vessels and vestments as England did not then afford. Not even then content, he visited Rome a fifth time, and returned with "an innumerable supply of books of every kind," as Bede exultingly records. He brought more relics also,

and with him came the Archcantor John, abbot of St. Martin's, "who taught us," says Hwætbert, "orally and in writing the art of singing systematically as it was done at St. Peter's at Rome." He taught them also to intone and read aloud, supplementing the efforts of the cantors that Wilfrid had brought to Northumbria from Canterbury.

John did not confine his efforts to the brothers at Weremouth. "From nearly all the monasteries of the province, those skilled in singing came to hear him, and invited him to give instructions in other places." Thus John, and through him Benedict Biscop, contributed essentially to the love of an ordered and well-regulated worship, and hastened the adoption of the Benedictine rule beyond the scope of their immediate influence.

From Rome Biscop brought also chartered liberties for his monastery, and pictures of sacred subjects to ornament the church, which are here first mentioned in England, since that painting of the Saviour borne by Augustine into Canterbury. They comprised, according to Bede, who must have seen them often, pictures of the Blessed Virgin and the Twelve Apostles, scenes from Gospel history and from the Apocalypse; so that, as Bede says, "all who entered the church might contemplate the ever-loveable face of Christ and of his saints, or recall with fresher mind the grace of our Lord's incarnation, or remember to examine themselves more strictly with the last judgment before their eyes." One must wonder, however, how it would have been possible at that time to transport so many paintings of such size. Perhaps Biscop brought the painters.

Pleased with his zeal and its fruits, the king gave him a second grant at Yarrow, where he placed a small body of monks and neophytes under Ceolfrid. Among them was Bede, then a little boy. The abbot, Ceolfrid, was of noble birth, and had begun his monastic life at Gilling when a youth of eighteen. He had been with Wilfrid at Ripon, had travelled in Kent, and had visited Botolph's monastery at Ikanho (Boston). Thence he returned to Ripon, which he

left with Wilfrid's consent to become Biscop's prior at Weremouth. Hither the fame of this great house had drawn many who had not the monastic vocation, and Ceolfrid found his task so irksome that he went back to Ripon and was with difficulty persuaded to return. But in time he won the devoted attachment of all, became Biscop's most efficient helper, and the cultured companion of his travels. And now he had gone with this little band to Yarrow where next year they began, with such help as the country-side afforded, to build a church, a church that is still used for Christian worship, after twelve centuries of time and change.

Biscop required freedom for his frequent journeys, and Ceolfrid's place at Weremouth was immediately taken by Biscop's cousin, Esterwine, a striking character, and doubtless typical of his race and time. He had been a courtier of King Egfrid, but now "used to winnow and grind the corn, to milk the cows and kids, and exercise himself gladly in all monastic labors, as blowing the bellows, forging, or guiding the plough." Though abbot, he slept with the monks in a common dormitory, and it was not till the close of his last illness that he could be persuaded to take a place apart. He died at thirty-six, another of the many victims to the unsanitary conditions of cloistered life in early England.

Meantime Biscop had gone a sixth time to Rome, and returned to find that Abbot Sigfrid had been elected in his absence. He brought with him paintings for two churches, and secular garments of silk as gifts for noble and royal friends. It was his last journey, for now both the old and the new abbot fell sick together. But when Biscop could no longer rise from his bed, he still continued to instruct and exhort the monks who gathered around him. He charged them to keep in its integrity their rule which, he said, "he had compiled from seventeen monasteries," and, with anxiety most natural in a scholar, he begged them to guard his books from abuse and from dispersion. Thus he awaited death, passing his nights in listening to the scriptures, or in repeat-

ing psalms with the monks who gathered for the purpose at his bedside.

Meantime Sigfrid felt his own strength fail. He longed to see his master once more, and, stretched in his coffin, he bade them bear him to the sick man's side. Kind hands laid them on one bed and their heads on the same pillow, and yet so weak were they that it was only by the help of the brothers that they could give each other the kiss of peace. Then, by common consent, Ceolfrid was made abbot of both monasteries, but, sick as they were, the dying men lingered, Sigfrid for two months, Biscop till the next year. Bishop Ethelwold in the tenth century bought his relics, "with a great price," says Malmesbury, for his new monastery at Thorney.

Ceolfrid had already governed Yarrow for seven years, and now ruled both houses for twenty-eight years of uninterrupted prosperity. He built oratories, added to the store of ornaments and vestments, and increased the library with zealous care. In this he was aided by the king, whose own regard for books was so great that he purchased one on cosmography from the abbot for eight family allotments of land. Already this library, gathered with such unremitting labor, was bearing fruit, and Weremouth had become a producer of manuscripts. Ceolfrid caused to be made "three copies of the new translation" of the scriptures, to be added to a copy of the old version brought by Biscop from Rome. Two of these Ceolfrid kept at home, where they ultimately perished. The third he took with him to Rome as no unworthy offering, and there it is still preserved, while fac-similes of it, made for the Papal Jubilee, may be seen in the chief English libraries. The esteem in which this abbot was held at Rome is witnessed by a charter, and still more by a letter, in which Pope Sergius asks his advice and aid (A. D. 701). The fame of his learned hospitality made the Scot Adamnan his guest, and thus he was brought to the notice of the Pictish king, Nectan, who appealed to him as the person of all in Northumbria most likely to be able to furnish the architects and



arguments that he required in his proposed Church reform. It is worth noting that the abbot's learned answer to the royal inquiry opens with a citation from Plato's Republic.

As Ceolfrid grew old he, too, longed to lay aside the cares of government and visit the Eternal City, endeared by so many memories of his master. Having once made up his mind, he hastened his going. It was the fourth of June, 716, when, "early in the morning, after mass all gathered in the church, and, with incense and prayers, he gave the peace to all, standing on the altar steps with the thurible in his hand." Passing then to an oratory in the dormitory, he admonished them and asked their prayers. Then, with a processional cross and lighted candles, they went to the ship on which he crossed the Wear, and, "having adored the cross," he set out for the Humber, leaving behind him "fully six hundred brothers." He went mainly on foot, visiting monasteries by the way, and at the little cell of Cornu Vallis awaited a ship to take him to Gaul.

At Weremouth they waited three days for his return, and then with prayers, hymns, and fastings, they chose for his successor Hwætbert, who had been with them from boyhood, engaged, as Bede says, in "writing, reading, singing, and teaching." He had, however, had some experience of the world, for he had copied records in Rome during Sergius' pontificate, and had been twelve years a priest. This election was announced to Ceolfrid, who had not yet set sail, and the new abbot commended the pilgrim to the pope in a letter which was answered with praises of Ceolfrid and of his gifts.

The letter and the gifts reached Rome, but Ceolfrid was not destined to attain the object of his desire. A month after leaving Weremouth, he embarked with eighty persons, probably rather fellow pilgrims, than attendants. He was already seventy-four, but he did not allow his journey to interfere with the pious practices of his life, and he said two psalters daily. When the old man became too weak to ride, he was borne on a litter, but still celebrated his wonted

daily eucharist. On September 24th, 716, he died at Langres, much mourned by the natives, as well as by his companions, some of whom pushed on to Rome, while others returned, and yet others remained "at the burial place of their beloved father in God, among those whose language they knew not." His relics were, however, afterward taken to Weremouth, and thence in Danish days, to Glastonbury.

The fourth abbot, Hwætbert, finds his chief title to memory in the aid and encouragement that he gave to the historian Bede, especially in his works on the Apocalypse and on Chronology. It is almost certain, too, that Hwætbert was the author of the anonymous life of Ceolfrid, of which Bede made free use; and it is quite likely that he wrote the sixty Latin riddles that go under the name of Eusebius. But Hwætbert will always be known as the abbot of Bede, whose death he lived to deplore.

This first scholar of his age is also the most sympathetic figure among early English churchmen. He was born in 673, on lands belonging to the new monastery, where his parents placed him seven years later, following a custom of the time. It was in the next year, that he, then a boy of eight, was joined to the seventeen monks who went with Ceolfrid to Yarrow, and here he spent the whole of his peaceful life, broken only by brief journeys undertaken in aid of his studies. At its very beginning, however, a catastrophe threatened the existence of the young community, for a pestilence carried away all the monks, save the prior and "a little boy," himself, who sang the offices together through their tears. In the reëstablished community, Chad's pupil, Trumbert, was one of Bede's teachers. At nineteen, John of Beverley made him a deacon, and at thirty, he received the priesthood. These were the chief events of a life spent in preparing and composing works, the mere catalogue of which is proof, both of his industry and of the range of his learning, a range that becomes almost amazing, when we consider his lack of literary society, and the limitations of his library. He was, he says, his own librarian, and his own

secretary, annotating and excerpting the voluminous works of his predecessors amid all the interruptions of the monastic day. These he made always his first duty, however irksome. His regularity in choir became proverbial. Alcuin writes nearly a century later, to the brothers at Weremouth (Epist. 274): "It is said that our master and your patron, Blessed Bede, used to say: I know that angels visit the canonical hours and gatherings of the brethren. What if they should not find me there? Would they not say, Where is Bede? Why does he not come to the regular worship of the brothers?"

It is significant of the esteem in which Bede was held, that learned men from every part of England coöperated with him unselfishly, while the papal archives were opened to his envoy Nothelm. To monumental works in theology, history, and science, he added poems and letters, showing alike the breadth of his culture, and the wide field of his generous interests. He was familiar with Virgil, Lucretius, Ovid, Horace, and Terence. He quotes Homer also. Indeed nothing human seemed foreign to this cloistered student. As theologian, he set himself to the gigantic task of collating the vast mass of the writings of his predecessors. The science of hagiology found its beginning in his martyrology; and as a preacher he has left to us forty-nine undoubted sermons, while a hundred more are attributed to him. His scientific and rhetorical treatises were original and epoch-making, and his investigations in chronology show really wonderful acumen and knowledge. It is not the least of Bede's services that he introduced the present Christian era into the reckoning of the West.

More than all this, Bede is truly the father of English history. By comparing him with his fellows, one grows to esteem more and more his conscientious, painstaking love of truth. His contemporaries appreciated it also, and were glad to aid him with their knowledge, their advice, and copies of documents inaccessible to him. And yet his work has the limitations of his age. Accurate and objective, it is

rather chronological than philosophic; he regards rather the inherent credibility of the witness, than that of the facts he narrated. What he himself observed, he judged soberly; he relates no miracles in the touching biographies of the abbots of his own loved cloister. The letters of Bede give us charming glimpses of his life; his poems are the recreations of his genius. It was, perhaps, more the result of the political condition of Northumbria, than any fault of his, that he founded no literary school. Surely, the lector Cuthbert, who chronicled his teacher's death, might, under more favoring circumstances, have written more, but he could hardly have written better.

For this picture of the death of Bede is one of the gems of our early history. It is in the form of a letter called out by the request of a distant friend. The young monk first expresses his joy that prayers and masses are being offered for the soul of Bede, in his fellow-lector's monastery, and then he tells how, though growing daily weaker, from Passion to Ascensiontide, the holy monk was always cheerful, constant in prayer, teaching, and singing the psalter; giving thanks to God with outstretched hands, as was the Anglo-Saxon custom. He tells us how Bede intermingled his prayers with passages of the Bible, and of English verse, perhaps from the works of Caedmon, or such as he, and how he composed himself a few such English verses on the account each must give at the judgment.

"We wept while we studied," continued the simple-hearted lector. But the sick man, who felt but little pain, was even now planning two new works, a translation of St. John into English, and a collection of excerpts from the prolific and fanciful Isidor. "I will not have my pupils read falsehoods, and labor without profit in that book after my death," he said. The Thursday before Ascension, though worse, he spent the whole day dictating to his scholars. "Lose no time, I know not how long I may last," he told them calmly. On Wednesday, they left him at noon, for the Rogation procession, but he continued to dictate to his watcher. "At

three, that afternoon," continues Cuthbert, "he said to me: 'I have some valuables in my little chest, pepper and handkerchiefs, and incense. Run quickly and bring the priests of the community to me, that I may make to them such presents as God has given me. The rich of this world have gold and silver, and other valuable things. I will give to my brothers what God has given me, and I give it with love and joy.' I shuddered, but did as he bade. He spoke to each in turn, asking them to say masses, and pray for him. Thus he talked on cheerfully till sunset, and continued his dictation. Then the scribe said: 'Master, there is still one sentence unwritten.' 'Then write quickly,' answered the dying man. 'It is finished,' said the youth. 'Thou hast spoken truly,' said he. 'Take my head between thy hands, for it is my delight to sit opposite that holy place where I was wont to pray. Let me sit and invoke my Father.' So, sitting on the pavement of his cell, his spirit departed, its last breath uttering the *Gloria Patri*."

"All who saw him die," concludes Cuthbert, "say that they never saw a man end his life with so tranquil and devout mind. So long as breath was in his body, he never ceased to repeat the *Gloria*, or some other religious ejaculations, or to give thanks with hands outstretched to the true and living God." The faith of our fathers, that lighted such lives to such deaths, is surely an inspiration to those to whom they have bequeathed, perhaps their faith, at least their memory.

The fame of Bede for learning and sanctity grew rapidly in the century that followed his death. The monks of Yarrow were overwhelmed with requests from England and from the continent for copies of his works. Already in the ninth century a synod at Aix-la-Chapelle had reckoned him among the fathers of the church as "the venerable and learned Doctor." Hence was an easy step to the Saint Bede of the eleventh century. Even in our day, he continues to be known as the Venerable; and venerated he has been always and by all men save by the sacrilegious Puritans, who



disturbed the peaceful rest of his bones in the cathedral church of Durham.

Weremouth was attacked by the Danes in 794, and destroyed by them in 867, and again in 973 and 1069. Yet an irresistible impulse led holy men to seek it when the troubles of the Conquest were passed, and from it Whitby and Melrose were again colonized. But its monks soon withdrew to Durham, and, where once six hundred religious had sung their seven-fold daily hymns of praise, dependent cells now offered a precarious existence to but three or four monks whose meagre revenue yielded a scanty booty to the destroyers of the Reformation. The church of Yarrow was rebuilt in 1783, and in its wall may still be seen the very tablet that once recorded its dedication "in the fifteenth year of Egbert the King."

Among our Northumbrian worthies of this remarkable period, we have not reckoned Wilfrid, nor Chad, nor the fair St. Hilda. To include Wilfrid in this group, might require a somewhat lengthy apology for acts of which the most that charity can claim is that they bear a double construction. St. Hilda gave her life to Northumbria, but she was herself an East-Anglian, and drew her Christianity from a different source than that whence flowed the inspiration of Cuthbert and Bede. Chad indeed might represent more justly the school of Aidan, but Mercia owed to him more than Northumbria, and it was in Mercia that he ended his saintly life. John of Beverley might claim admission by a clearer title; and other holy men there were whose deeds are chronicled in that great *Liber Vitæ* of the Christian Church, the *Acta Sanctorum*, a monument truly *ære perennius* and possibly *gravius* also; but such a sketch as this cannot aim at completeness. Lindisfarne and Yarrow may well be chosen to speak for the Northumbrian Church in an age when each in turn was its guiding star.

## WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

NOT long ago, a well-known religious newspaper proposed the question: What is the Church? and requested an answer. It is impossible to say in what spirit the request was made—not, perhaps, in much seriousness—but, coming from such a quarter, it struck us with an air of novelty. Is it possible, we said, that after more than sixty generations of Christians have lived and died in the faith, and sixty generations of the most learned men in the world have thought and written on the subject, it is still an open question what the Church is? But after some reflection, we felt that the question might well have been put in all seriousness; and we asked ourselves what the answer ought to be. “The Kingdom of God on earth;” “The Mystical Body of Christ,” we replied at once; and, “The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ’s ordinance,”—while a cloud of other answers, put forth under varying circumstances, rose up before us; but each and all evidently needed definition, and we did not feel ourselves greatly helped.

The result of our cogitation was, that, trite as the question seemed on its face, we felt it to be one of the gravest import—one that, in this day of upheavals, really presses for an answer; and we determined to do our best to make explicit what we think is implied in the above answers. This we now proceed to do.

The first great fact that arrests attention in this connection is sin. There would be no place for the Church if there were no sin in the world. What then is sin, and how did it come into the world? For the faithful there can be no doubt whatever as to the answer. Holy Scripture tells us how Adam came to lose his personal uprightness; and whether the story of the fall be regarded as the recital of an

actual fact, or as an allegory, pure and simple, no one can doubt that the point of the story is to show that the disobedience of Adam brought the calamity of sin upon him and his race.

Now, let the neo-critics say what they may as to the authorship, date, or other facts of this story, it is safe to affirm that no scientific statement can give better form to the direful truth it discloses. There can be no good, apart from the notion of a recognized obligation; and no personal and moral evil, except in disobedience to such obligation. Man did fail in the beginning, whenever and wherever that may have been, just as he is failing to-day, by seizing or accepting that which he knew or knows to be forbidden him; and so sin came into the world, and remains a daily fact in the consciousness of men, through disobedience.

Whatever metaphysical speculations may be indulged on the subject of freedom in man, the indisputable fact of experience compels us to admit that, at least, we think ourselves in possession of the power to govern our own purposes, and feel ourselves in the daily exercise of such power. We have, thus, the same certainty that we are self-determining, as we have that there is any self, or anything to be determined.

Then since the consciousness of obligation, either self-imposed or compelled from without, is absolutely necessary to the idea of good and evil, it is impossible for one to commit sin, and so become a sinner, without the conscious violation of a recognized law; and it is impossible to be a right-doer, and so become, in so far, righteous, without the conscious compliance with such recognized obligation. Actual sin cannot, in the nature of things, be forced upon any; and rightness or holiness cannot be bestowed upon any. The sinner may be saved from the penalties of sin by another, or he may have bestowed upon him the benefits of virtue, not his own, but in either case he remains what he was before. In short, if we are to recognize and defend the prerogative of freedom in man's nature, it is inconceivable that anyone

can become evil, or be made righteous, except through the active coöperation of his own free activity.

But all free activities are not therefore moral. Only those whose ends are "good" are moral. Then what is "good"? There are two obvious senses in which we may use this word. We may mean anything which promotes the growth or development of "thing"—as the building up of tissue, or which causes any economic or æsthetic change, resulting in pleasure. We speak of good health, good food, good fortune, and in general anything which has value; that is, ministers to the happiness and general well-being of man. These all fall under one or other of two heads—the pleasurable or the useful. Attempts have been made to find the end of all human effort in each of these; giving rise to the system of Hedonism, with Hobbes as its most notable advocate in modern times; and Utilitarianism, with Bentham as its most notable exponent. Both systems, together with a number of other philosophies, may be classed under the general head—selfism.

The other sense of "good" is synonymous with virtue. This is moral good, and finds its essence, never in the foreseen and reckoned-upon gain to self, but in the betterment of others. This is altruism. Self-satisfaction, or self-advantage of any sort, at the cost of another's well-being, or in violation of one's sense of obligation to another, is evil. The two are contradictories. Selfness looks inward, and in its ultimate nature is idolatry; altruism looks outward, and in its highest term is worship. In selfness there can be no obligation; for no law can emanate from the self, which the self cannot at any time set aside. Any action which has mere satisfaction or personal gain as its motive, is purely acquisitive, and the rule of action cannot be binding longer than the foreseen advantage is held to by the self.

In selfless, or altruistic volition, the flow is from within, outward. There is a recognition of law laid upon the self from an acknowledged authority, and so obligation emerges. The source of law with the child begins with parents and

masters, and rises through the stages of all human law in society and government. But one finds that there is a source of law, which is the ground of all human law, proceeding from the ultimate Lawgiver. His laws present themselves in a two-fold order—exoteric (from without), and esoteric (from within). One is the phase of determinism, the limited, the fixed—the other is the phase of freedom, the uncaused and creative. The one we may call Nature, the other Spirit.

Now Nature, with her fixed and rigid order, bears in her hands rewards and punishments, visible and open.<sup>1</sup> Her voice is, Do this, and you shall have your pay in current coin: or, If you do it not, behold the rod! It is mercantile and mechanical. One who follows the bent of a desire does it because he has the promise of gratification. One who makes an effort of any sort does it because he expects return in money, in skill, in learning, in happiness or power, in one form or another. He does not, it is true, always get what he expects. That would be too much—that would mean the entire satisfaction and saturation of his nature; it would put an end to all effort: but he does get just what nature promises, if he be at the pains to inform himself. The plea of ignorance will not avail. One who takes a dose of arsenic, under the conviction that he is taking magnesia, will not be saved the consequences on account of his ignorance. Nature holds every man to the same account as if he were omniscient. She gives him the power to inquire into, and find out her ways, with abundant warning that she makes no exceptions.

In the order of Nature, we are but accepting God's gifts—using them rightly to our own profit, or wrongly to our hurt. This is the acquisitive, the inflowing phase of man's existence, in which self is consciously the object and recipient of good gifts. The gifts are good, in a right sense, only as we look from the gifts to the Giver—are good, because they are given. They bear the stamp of altruism, God being the

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<sup>1</sup>*Cf. Mechanism and Personality. p. 318, et passim.*



source and centre of their outflow. They are good *to* us, because they meet the needs and desires of our nature; but not *in* us, because they are but occasions and material of self-activity.

The radical fault in all systems of morality founded in self-ism is, that they cannot rise above good in this reflected or borrowed sense. They rest in good to man from God, and cannot logically find room for good *in* man toward God and his neighbor through a self-ordered outgo.

This outgo—this good to other—is the esoteric phase, for and through which alone the lower phase is entitled to reality. It is the exact contradictory of the exoteric law of Nature in its external relation to us. In it the movement is outward from self, in obedience to a recognized obligation laid upon the self. It is the exercise in man of a free activity for the betterment or glory of another, man being, in so far, an original cause, a creator. Though infinitely less in degree, it is of kindred nature to that natural good which we have been considering, regarded from the side of its divine source. That looked from God toward man; this looks from man toward God and his fellow men. God gives to man; man, by the prerogative given him, renders back to God. God, as absolutely free and full of infinite power, is the source of all good. Man, the image of his Creator, by the prerogative of self-activity, is the source of some good. And just as all natural good, the world-gift, is the creative outgo from the All-giver, so the limited, the little-good man is competent to, is the purposive outgo from self. This is virtue; this is selflessness.

In this light, we must utterly abandon the notion that man can be made holy by any means beyond the exercise of his own power of self-determinism. We have said nothing so far of our emotive nature, and so nothing of the one fundamental and all-pervading motive in the sphere of virtue—love. The mere discovery of meaning in the world would result in nothing. If everything were indifferent, there could be no movement. Desires and aversions must be felt

before there can be any ground for effort. There would be no possibility of a "good will" apart from the grace and help of God in the movement, or desire for good, giving rise to the sense of obligation.

The most that one can conceive as possible toward saving man from—that is, helping him to get the better of and recover from—his already sinful nature, with, at the same time, respect for his divine prerogative of freedom, is the establishment of what, in modern phrase, is called an environment, which shall best promote and enable an altruistic movement in the sinner by the right exercise of his divine power of self-determinism. This is just what Christ did in setting up his kingdom, the Church.

But in all this we are quietly assuming mystery upon mystery. In personality we have a fact which admits of no explanation. The chasm between the physical world and consciousness is impassable in thought. We are compelled to relegate the ultimate explanation of it all to an Infinite Mover; and it ought to be a satisfaction to the faithful to know that even Herbert Spencer, the recognized exponent of agnostic philosophy, is clear that there is such an ultimate source of all phenomena. "I held at the outset," he says, "and continue to hold, that the inscrutable existence which science in the last resort is compelled to recognize as unreached by its deepest analysis of matter, motion, thought, and feeling, stands toward our general conception of things in substantially the same relation as does the creative power asserted by theology." Undoubtedly the highest possible term in the work of this "inscrutable existence" is reached in the problem of how man is to be saved from sin; and it is not only conceivable, but necessary to think that such inscrutable power should carry on the work toward establishing for man the best possible instrumentality for the right exercise of the supreme element of his nature in the upbuilding of his personality. It is in this light that the fundamental mystery of the Christian faith—the Incarnation—becomes a rational fact. Moreover, we see in it the highest

exemplification of the riddle of philosophy in all ages—How is the one many, and the many one? How can the Infinite and the Finite, the Absolute and the Relative coëxist? They stand out in thought as contradictories, each being what the other is not; and yet there is no object, no act of knowing in which their harmony is not implied. Old as Parmenides and Heraclitus, this difficulty in thought has baffled the wit of man; and yet no intellect with training enough to understand the question, fails to see its practical solution everywhere in fact. The divine and human elements in One Person is the doctrine of the "Word made flesh," and while it must, in the nature of things, remain inexplicable in the domain of the understanding, it is no more irrational than any other fact of daily life, however far it stands in dignity and wonder above all others.

Holding fast, then, by the fact of the Incarnation, we go on to inquire why Christ came into the world as man, and what he did among men; and here we enter upon a region of thought which is full of confusion and error. The current of popular teaching is, that the Son of God, moved by compassion for man, came into the world to appease and satisfy the righteous anger of God the Father, and, having come, he submitted himself to a shameful death, paying the penalty which man, as guilty, had no means to pay; and man, thus redeemed by the price paid, has only to avail himself of the benefits thereof by an act of faith, and to become holy by the transference of the transcendent merits of the Divine Victim to himself.

This is a naked form of statement, it is true, but not intentionally unjust to the phase of doctrine so enormously developed by the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. It will be perceived at once how incompatible it is with the psychological and ethical facts of man's nature, as set forth in the outline just given. Nor is it compatible with Holy Scripture. There is no foundation in the many declarations of our Lord that he was moved by compassion, and volunteered to become man.

The love and compassion of Jesus Christ for man is everywhere conspicuous, but the love of the Father is the precedent and fundamental truth of the whole gospel. Loving obedience is the sole motive which the Divine Master ever gives as a reason for his coming into the world. So far from volunteering, he expressly affirms that he did not come of himself: "I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me." Everywhere he speaks of himself as sent. There is no warrant in Holy Scripture for those lines of Milton, in which are imbedded the popular error we are combating, where the Almighty Father is represented as calling upon the heavenly host for a volunteer to become mortal and suffer death as a ransom for man.

It is not too much to say, perhaps, that this doctrine is answerable for the wide-spread infidelity of our day. It has got itself lodged in the popular consciousness as necessary to be believed; and is accordingly the object of attack by unbelievers, who, not being able to distinguish this pseudo Christianity from the true faith, in repudiating it, and the direful consequences which follow from it, turn away from the gospel altogether.

The Son of Man was *sent* into the world as he declares specifically, over and over again; and the motive of his stupendous mission was love, not anger or hate. He obeyed through love, love of God and love of man; and in the execution of that mission, which he only could have fulfilled, he put perfect and complete obedience over against the disobedience through which sin came and continues in the nature of man. We find thus the foundation principle of the gospel of Christ to be just what a sound psychology teaches as to sin and holiness.

But he tells us, not only that he was sent, but that he was sent to do a work: "I must work the work of him that sent me." But what was the work which it was his mission to accomplish? Certainly not primarily to submit himself as a victim to a shameful death. The suffering and death came as the awful consequences of his work. They lay

necessarily in the way of the work he was commanded to do, and he submitted as a part of his obedience—he was “obedient unto death.”

Then what was the work? Surely that which he declared to be the end for which he was born—that which he actually accomplished—the one thing to which he systematically addressed himself throughout his whole life, and in consequence of which he was brought to death—namely, the establishment of his kingdom on earth. “Art thou a king then? Thou sayest it, because (*ὅτι*) I am a king. To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth.”

If there is anything clear in the history of the work of Jesus, it is the reality of his kingship and his kingdom. Think of the facts. John the Baptist came declaring “The kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Our Lord appears before the multitude gathered about the Baptist, to begin his mission. As he is the obedient Son of God, so he is the obedient Son of Man, and so he begins his public work by submitting himself as man, to the divinely constituted authority among men, in an act of obedience to this last and greatest prophet under the law. He submits himself to John’s baptism, and receives a visible anointing of the Holy Ghost, and an audible certification of his mission out of heaven. He comes forth from his solemn preparation in the wilderness, and we are told that, “From that time forth Jesus began to preach, and say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ discloses for the first time his sovereign authority. His first words are of the kingdom. He uses the absolutely imperative form of speech; warns the world that he comes not to destroy, but to fulfil the law; tells the multitude who shall be first and who shall be last in his kingdom; bids them pray for the kingdom; to seek it above all things, declaring that not every one who cries unto him shall enter it, but they who do the will of the Father.



In his subsequent teachings the kingdom was his constant theme.<sup>1</sup> More than half of the parables are express similitudes of the kingdom, and all bear upon it directly.

Of course it will be objected—and such is the unfortunate teaching of many doctors—that all this is figurative, that he was speaking of a spiritual kingdom, not a reality.

Spiritual it was; and just for that reason the more real; figurative it was not, as clearly appears from what followed. In the first place, apart from the authority which came to him out of heaven, Jesus Christ was the lineal son of King David; and so king of the Jews by hereditary right—a right which he openly claimed at the close of his labors.

If now we follow his acts, we shall see how systematically he gave objective expression to the all-absorbing conviction which possessed him. He gathers disciples about him, and singles out certain of them to whom he is to commit full authority, sending them as he was sent, "to preach the kingdom;" and if he taught with authority, he does not address himself less imperatively to those from whom he expects personal obedience. He uses no persuasion—no entreaty. He says to Peter and Andrew, "Follow me," and so with the others. He selects the Twelve and names them "Apostles." Afterward, he appoints "other seventy," and sends them forth to do his will.

We cannot mistake the significance of these acts and these numbers. We cannot think that the Son of Man would fall into imitation of the Jewish polity—the twelve tribes and the Sanhedrim, things so characteristic in Jewish history—without the deepest purpose; and surely we are not to think that he exercised the prerogative of royalty in appointing "ambassadors" through a mere mimetic spirit.

But the time draws near when he is to bring his work on earth to a close. There must be no doubt as to the reality of his kingship. He is going up to the royal city for the last time. He enters it now, not as a subject, but as a king.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *The Church Eclectic* for January and February, 1892.

With the dreadful certainty of death clearly before him, he himself takes order for a royal progress, rude and simple though it be. The multitude strip themselves of their garments to spread them in his way; while they cry, "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna to the Son of David!"

But does he, the teacher of meekness and humility, really know what the cry is that comes from the people? There were some that day who heard it with indignation. They said, "Master, rebuke thy disciples;" but he answered, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And again, when he had come near the Temple, the priests and scribes, hearing this cry, called his attention to it; and, with a withering rebuke, he again accepted it. The lowly Nazarene had openly proclaimed himself king; and, as the Great High Priest, he takes possession of the Temple of God!

He is, therefore, charged with a double offense—he had made himself God; he had made himself King. Both charges are true; and he is "witnessing to the truth!" In the Pretorium he is invested with the royal purple, indeed, but it is in scorn and mockery. He is crowned; but with thorns. In derision a reed sceptre is thrust into his hands. He is anointed, but with spittle. Contemptuous knees bend to do him homage, and ribald lips hail him king. They wrought wiser than they knew.

The scene changes, and he stands before the Roman Governor. Pilate cannot believe that he will go to his death, self-confessed upon the charge of making himself king. One word of denial will give the desired ground for his release. Pilate seeks it earnestly. He asks him flatly, "Art thou a king then?" The answer comes, clear and distinct, "I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." He is bearing "witness unto the truth."

He is sent forth to Golgotha; and his confession goes with him, in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin; and that title has

stood out before the world through the ages, and still stands, "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews!"

After his resurrection, he resumes his instructions touching the kingdom. He had sent forth ambassadors; he had said to them, "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you;" and now that he is risen from the dead, he appears to them, giving them commandment, and speaking to them of things pertaining to the kingdom of God. And finally the Apostles meet him, as he had commanded them, on a mountain in Galilee, when he lays upon them his last injunction in these mighty words, "All authority (*ἐξουσία*) hath been given me in heaven and on earth; go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!"

Thus it was that the Son of Man, beginning his mission in divine obedience, ended his work on earth by committing that mission into the hands of chosen men, who, in the same spirit of obedience, were to continue his authority in the kingdom, *in sæcula sæculorum*.

Thus far we have been chiefly concerned with the external and objective phase of the kingdom of Christ: let us now glance at the mystical and subjective factor of the divine instrumentality for the salvation of the world. In speaking of the invisible phase of the kingdom, we are to deal with mystery even deeper than heretofore; and let it be remembered that a mystery in the theological sense is not simply a truth hard to understand, but a truth which though revealed as a fact, is impossible of final and complete explication. In that mystery of mysteries, the Incarnation, we must bear in mind that Christ took up into his divinity, not the individuality of any one man, but the nature of all men; and thus, in a sense, he was all men—that, as in the beginning, the whole human race was potentially in the first Adam, so the second Adam gathered up into oneness again the whole human

race, *in essentia*, and united it forever with the Divine Personality.

Now, in the first place, Jesus represents his kingdom as a living entity into which man must be born. A ruler of the Jews, a member of the Sanhedrim, comes to him privately to inquire about his doctrine. Christ begins at once to speak of the kingdom. He tells this learned Jew that he must be born again, or he cannot enter the kingdom of God. Nicodemus is astonished—how can a man be born when he is old? The answer is a more specific declaration to the same effect—“Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.” The Master then tells him that it is not a birth after the flesh, but of the Spirit; and bids him not wonder, pointing him to the inexplicable things before his eyes every day; but for all that, this eminent Jew cannot repress his amazement. He wonderingly exclaims, “How can these things be?” But instead of softening his declarations, the Master goes on to add special emphasis to what he has already said on the subject of this “new birth” of the gospel.

Again, the Divine Master everywhere identifies his kingdom with his own person; so that we are born into him. This organic union with himself is especially brought out in the parable of the vine—“I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit.” St. Paul everywhere insists upon this mystical union: “We who are many, are one body in Christ.” “As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ.” Nothing could be more definite than the identity of the person of Christ and his kingdom.

This mystery of the unity of Christ and his Church brings us face to face once more with the wonder which underlies all possible knowing—the “one” and the “many;” but it will not avail to start back under the delusion that we are not committed to it in every way. How the self is one with its manifold psychic and mechanical functions and organs

(the illustration St. Paul uses in this connection), no one pretends to know, nor yet to question. How it is that the Son of Man is the "Vine" and we are the "branches," we cannot fully know until we know what a vine is; and that we shall not know until we know what "being" is, and that can be known to the Ultimate Knower alone.

We are then made members of the kingdom of God, and so members of Christ's Body, in holy baptism; and in that act, are born into Christ in some real though mystical sense; and we live in him, and he in us. But as men are born into the humanity of Adam, according to the order of nature (a mystery quite beyond belief except for experience), so they must be born into the divinity of the second Adam, according to the order of grace.

It is not enough, however, to be born into the natural world; we must live and grow in it; and so it is in the Body of Christ. Life being given, food is necessary to its sustenance; and sustenance is bread. Now, our Lord tells us that he is the "true Bread." This carries us back to that tremendous scene at Capernaum, in which the Carpenter's Son confounds and offends the multitude by declarations such as never before fell upon human ears.

The great concourse of people had been with the Master the day before, in the wilderness, and had seen the miracle of the loaves. They had gathered there again, enthusiastic in their professed discipleship. He tells them that they follow him not for himself, but for what they think they can get from him. They ask what they must do; and he answers that their first work is to believe on him, who had been "sent of God;" that "the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

Up to this time the people are thoroughly with him, but a mighty change is now to take place. He goes on to say, "I am the bread of life"—"I am come down from heaven," "not to do my own will but the will of him that sent me."

The magnitude of such a claim arrests their attention. They begin to murmur, and ask "Is not this Jesus, the son



of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How does he now say, I came down out of heaven?" Jesus tells them not to murmur, but goes on to repeat the offense with serious aggravations. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: yea and the bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world."

And now the discontent is deep and furious. Will he not tell them that there is no reason for such excitement; that he is but using such metaphorical forms of speech as they are accustomed to? He softens nothing, but as they strive one with another, asking "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" he goes on further to declare, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have not life in yourselves."

The Master knows that even his immediate disciples are shaken; but the issue must be fairly joined. They must not think that he speaks of his flesh and blood in a literal and gross sense. He says: "Does this cause you to stumble? What then if ye should behold the Son of Man ascending where he was before? It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life." But they understood that the demands upon them still remained; for it was then that the people began to desert him; so much so, that, as he saw them departing, he said to the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" The impetuous and great-hearted Peter, who knew no better than those who were departing how to explain the mystery, but who knew *him*, answered for the Twelve, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and know that thou art the Holy One of God!"

A few months later, the Son of Man is with the Twelve in the upper chamber at Jerusalem. Arrayed as a servant, he has taken water and washed the Apostles' feet; and now, resuming his garments, he sits down and, with infinite pathos, tells them that he, their Master and Lord, has set them an example of how the Master should also serve, and that they whom

he was sending with authority should do to those over whom they were set as he had done to them; ending with the solemn declaration: "He that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me."

And now follows the supreme act of his obedience—the culmination of personal union between him and the members of his kingdom. He, the true Lamb, of whom all victims offered under the Aaronic priesthood were but types and shadows; he of whom all priests who had gone before were but adumbrations, and all who have followed after are but missionaries and ministers; himself the Victim—himself the Priest; he makes that "one, full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." The All-giver gave himself in his true manhood—our true divinity—an oblation to the Fatherhood of God; and then he gives his disciples to eat of this sacrifice, under the form of bread and wine: "This is my body"—"This is my blood." The true Bread of selflessness—a very spirit of altruism—the meat of perfect obedience—has been communicated to the children of disobedience.

He makes this an act of perpetual obligation by laying his command upon men, "Do this in remembrance of me;" and from this moment in that upper chamber, until the moment he commends his human life into the hands of the Father on the cross, he is but a passive victim. The real sacrifice of obedience, as an act of his human will, was made in that upper chamber. Life and love are the true principles of the gospel, and the suffering and death on the cross are but the seals and testimonies of their reality.

There yet remains one transcendent event which must follow before they, into whose hands he has committed his divine mission, shall rightly know the scope and power of the obligation laid upon them. As in the beginning, God took of his own created elements and formed the body of man, and afterward breathed into it the breath of life, so now, only in an infinitely higher way, Jesus Christ has moulded the hu-

man personalities he had chosen out of the world, into a spiritual unity to be his Mystical Body, and now it must be animated, vivified, and illuminated; and so, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit of God supplements and completes the work of the Father and of the Son. While the disciples await together the promise they had received of their ascended Lord, the Holy Ghost descends upon them in tongues as of fire; and the mystical Body of Christ is illuminated and inspired with the Spirit of Love to be "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," for the salvation of the world; the Son of Man, by perfect obedience even unto death, has finished the work he had been sent to accomplish. He has established the kingdom of obedience, the kingdom of love, through which men, moved by the Holy Ghost, can obey, and so for themselves set loving obedience in Christ over against their sins of disobedience.

From that moment the Apostles understood the meaning of the great commission they had received; and they went forth in the power of the Spirit of God, to upbuild the Church in the salvation of men.

We may now see, in some sort, how it is that salvation in and through and by Christ—is in and through and by the Church. The two are one. Just as the physical body was the outward manifestation of the infinite principle of determinism or limitation, and his human heart and mind and will were the exemplification of the no less necessary and infinitely extended principle of determinism in the invisible and psychic mode of actuality—these two together being the incarnation of the universal and primordial principle of free activity in the universe of God; so the Church among men, exhibiting these same characteristics, is the perpetual continuance of the one only and ever-abiding Incarnation of the Son of God, made and maintained a unit by the esoteric bond of the Holy Ghost.

Space does not serve to point out with any fulness how salvation from sin and its penalties is accomplished for all through the Church, which is Christ; but it seems plain

enough, that it stands to man to-day much as the Garden of Eden, with its "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," stood to Adam in the beginning, refined, spiritualized, and glorified. With those people in the world who have not now, and have not had in the past, the Light of the Kingdom, the "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," with the power of love and the sense of obligation through the Holy Spirit—all the means of salvation, through what may be called the Natural Kingdom of God—are not the less, through the Eternal Son. But the Revealed Kingdom of Christ, which has brought "Life and immortality to light," makes the way to salvation clear as the day. In the individual life, the requirements of God are the same under the Law and the Gospel, as well as upon those who know neither; namely, obedience to the best and highest law they know. In the kingdom of Christ the knowledge is immeasurably increased, and the responsibility proportionally greater. The motives to walk in the way are powerful, and the end to be accomplished transcendent. But man, with all the new light, and beauty, and opportunity for personal love of his "Elder Brother"—the King who has died for him—is still perfectly free, and must live a true subject in the kingdom of God. He must repent his past rebellion and unfaithfulness, which implies a change of mind and purpose. He must "convert" or turn away from evil—not be "converted." Happily the mistranslation in the Authorized Version of the word *ἐπιστροφή*, is finally and fully corrected in the New Version; and the confusion brought about by the passive form, "be converted," must soon pass. Except ye *turn* and become as little children," says our Lord—not except ye *be* turned or "be converted;" and so in all other places where the passive form is used. We may hope that the unfortunate mistake which has confounded "conversion" with the "new birth" will soon be corrected.

In all its phases, the work of man in the kingdom is of obligation. Faith itself is not a mere passive intellection or impulse of the heart. It is largely under the control of

the will, and a man is answerable for his faith. The two great sacraments—holy baptism, the birth sacrament, and the holy eucharist, the life-sustaining sacrament—are both acts of obedience. Prayer, praise, meditation, self-examination, almsdeeds, purity, honesty, and temperance are, all of them, in and through the Holy Ghost, acts of pure volition. It is a simple fact that every man has within him his own inviolable kingdom of which he is himself king, with paramount allegiance to the sovereignty of God in Christ. It is thus that the Master declares, "the kingdom of God is within you."

If what has been said above is true, or in anywise assented to, there seems no room for argument touching the essential oneness of the Church. As the Body of Christ, it must possess organic unity. As *the* kingdom, there can be no other; and as *a* kingdom all rule and authority must come primarily from its sovereign Lord—Jesus Christ—and, therefore, no man or combination of men can have the right to devise or inaugurate either doctrine or order. No authority in the kingdom of Christ can be rightly exercised which has not been rightly committed.

All this follows from the central truth we have been trying to emphasize, namely, the principle of obedience as the only possible way back from sin to holiness. Starting with this essential psychological truth, we have seen that the work of the Son of Man in conformity with it was first his own obedience, and following therefrom the founding of the kingdom of Christ which lays an imperative demand upon every individual of the human race. To say that there can be no salvation except in Christ and his kingdom, is only to say there can be no good or righteousness independently of a good or right will. To break the order of Christ in his Church, either in doctrine or rule, is, therefore, to disobey, and, in so far, to depart from Christ. Once admit that new churches—that is, churches not receiving authority in orderly sequence from those into whose hands that authority was committed by the sovereign Lord—admit, we say, that



new churches can be set up in the world, and you at once destroy the principle through which holiness is possible; for to follow one's own fancy, or one's own conclusions as to what one would prefer, is not to obey; and whatever originates in wilfulness is empty of authority, *ab initio*, and must remain so until the end.

But it may be fairly asked, what is the order of transmission of this authority? We confine our attention to a single point. Let us place ourselves at a period in the past, when, by the concession of all historians, the Christian priesthood throughout the world actually consisted of three several orders, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, say, to be safe, at the end of the fourth century. Then and for more than a thousand years thereafter no priest or deacon ever had authority given him to send others. How, let us ask all those who recognize the principle of authority at all, could presbyters in the sixteenth century exercise an authority which had never been committed to them? If it were granted (as in the light of history it cannot be) that in the post-apostolic age, all presbyters had equal authority to ordain, it was wholly lost through more than a thousand years; and can never be regained except by a new committal from the sovereign Head of the Church, so long as the episcopal order retains its prerogative. It is from the failure to take in the reality of this kingdom that mere subjectivism finds such place in our day; and leads to the present divided state of Christendom and to that mistiness and individualism which is called "Broad."

We return to our question, What is the Church? and cannot do better than answer as at first, but it is hoped with fuller meaning—The kingdom of God on earth—the Mystical Body of Christ. Its office and use is the salvation of men from the disorder of sin and from its penalties. It is the divine instrument for the union and communion of man with Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost, restoring him to spiritual soundness, and inspiring in him the spirit of worship and adoration, the spirit of divine altruism.

F. A. S.

## THE PROBLEM OF DIRECT TAXATION.

**T**AXATION has been called the first great evil arising from government. It is rather the necessary contribution from individuals to the public need. It is also the tribute paid for governmental protection, and, when properly apportioned and applied, it is of all outlays of the citizen, the one that brings him back the largest proportionate return. Civilization's vast net-work of government has made taxation, especially in democratic countries, more and more expensive in proportion to the benefit derived. Why this should be is not evident, for it would seem that a government by the tax payers should secure economic administration, and that every advance in the social order, with its consequent need of more government, should bring an increased capability of the citizen to bear his share on account of the increased advantage the better government would give him. Taxation, then, should never be a greater burden than it was in the primitive community. Theoretically the maximum of social coöperation should bring the minimum proportionate burden. Many believe that this is the case, and that our present taxation is oppressive only because government is extravagantly administered, or the tax is improperly adjusted.

Taxes levied for religious purposes have always been most severe. But, except in such hierarchies as oppressed the Jews and Egyptians, taxation in the ancient world was light. Its place was largely supplied by the tributes of conquest. In Greece and Rome, whose examples of government have been so useful to the modern world, there was no taxation until late in the history of each. In Athens, before the Peloponnesian war, a progressive income tax was laid, and customs duties were levied on foreign products. Till then, royalties on products of mines and licenses formed the bulk of the revenue. In Rome, under the Repub-

lic, the spoils from conquered nations, and the tributes exacted of them, defrayed the expenses of the State. Cicero shows that taxation was unusual, when he says, "Care should be taken lest, on account of the poverty of the treasury, it might be necessary to impose taxes." This was in B. C. 47. Under the Empire, however, taxation became common; portions of the territorial revenues were sequestered; capitation taxes were levied; taxes on corn and legacies and hereditary duties were collected; heavy charges were made for the privileges of Roman citizenship, and large sums derived from the sale of remunerative offices, such as that of *Ædile*.

During the Middle Ages the idea of the State was patrimonial. The Sovereign regarded it as his own. Otho the Lazy sold the Mark of Brandenburg, that is, the right to tax it, for 200,000 florins; and the barter and sale of provinces among princes was a not uncommon occurrence. A great source of revenue, as in the Roman Empire, was the sale of offices, whose revenues were to be collected from the people. As early as 1664, the capital invested in office-getting in France was five hundred million livres. Like every other system of farming the revenues, this speedily exhausted the tax payers. Richelieu did away with one hundred thousand of these useless offices, but enough remained to prove a fruitful source of oppression, and not the least of the causes of the French Revolution.

Taxes, as we now understand the term, were supplementary to other revenues, and were granted by the estates of the realm. They were always unpopular. Jean Bodin, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, declared that christian princes would resort to them rarely; and Brunschweg von Wolfenbüttel maintained, in the old German Reichstag of 1653, that taxes were contrary to the nature of the State, because one entered into civil society to protect one's property, and not to have it taken away. As late as 1809 an edict of Nassau recognized the principle that taxes should be levied only to cover deficiencies in the revenue. In

France, however, by the wasteful extravagance of its kings, the *tiers état* had borne a terrible burden of taxation before the rest of Europe even recognized the right of a State to levy taxes at all.

But the system was soon recognized throughout Europe. As the functions of the modern state grew more various, as large standing armies became usual, and as paid services took the place of compulsory, the needs of the central government increased, and old sources of income became inadequate. Taxes became recurring burdens, and came to rest more directly on the body of the people, which was a great economic gain. The earliest approach to the present system of taxation was in Venice, where one tenth of the rent of real estate was levied as the annual tax early in the seventeenth century. During the last century, the tax on the income from land became common throughout Europe. They knew then, what democracies seem unwilling to learn now, that it was a good thing to tax what everybody must use, and what could not run away.

In the earlier days of the colonies in America there was no great need of taxes. There were few public wants, because the social system was little developed, and its needs were easily satisfied. In 1649, the Town Clerk of Providence, R. I., wrote: "We have not known what an excise means. We have about forgotten what tithes are; yea, or taxes either, to Church or Commonwealth." "In fact there is reason to believe," says Professor Ely, "that one of the things against which our forefathers contended, was not oppressive taxation, but the payment of any taxes at all."

The contributions were at first voluntary. Before 1661 property other than land escaped. In that year it was ordered: "That men shall be assessed for their merchandizing and trading suitable to the trade they drive in the town, each also to be judged by the selectmen." The poll-tax was the only direct tax in Virginia for years. In 1645 it was termed inconvenient and insupportable for the poorer classes, and all taxes were placed on the visible estates; and though the

tax was revived between 1649 and 1663, a land-tax was then decided to be the most equitable.

In 1796 taxes were assessed as follows, in the different States:

By Poll—In New England, North Carolina, and Georgia.

On Land—In New England, Middle States, except Delaware, and all Southern States.

On Collective Mass of Property—In Rhode Island, New York, Delaware, and Maryland.

The characteristic feature of the period from 1796 to 1861 was a general transition toward the present system of taxing all property, movable and immovable, real and personal, at one uniform rate. We now tax the selling value of property. The European and old Connecticut system was to estimate income itself directly. The report of the special tax commission of Connecticut for January, 1887, illustrates this difference. It says: "Those following any trade or profession were assessed on an estimate of their annual gains. Real estate was rated, not according to its value, but in proportion to the annual income, which, on the average, it was deemed likely to produce. Before 1850 real estate was listed at only three per cent. of its value, while personal property was rated at six per cent." That is, personal property was adjudged to be twice as productive as real property, and was taxed accordingly, wherever it could be found; probably as efficient a means as has ever been devised for corrupting the civic virtues of a community. This system weighs least on those who have the energy to make their property most productive, and on those who have skill enough to hide it. It weighs most heavily on the honest; and on the unproductive or less efficient members of society. In all the States a property tax has become the democratic ideal. The aim of our system is to tax all wealth alike, whether active or inactive.

It must be remembered that the new classes of property, which modern inventions and discoveries have produced, were entirely unthought of by the founders of our present system. Comparatively little personal property was in exist-



ence one hundred years ago. Only within the present century has that species of property, at first gradually, then very rapidly, assumed the enormous proportions to which we are now accustomed. The growth has accompanied the development of cities which naturally attract the wealthy, and become the peculiar home of invisible personal property.

The following table shows the increase of the proportion of persons living in cities in the United States.

|             |               |             |                |
|-------------|---------------|-------------|----------------|
| 1790, - - - | 3.3 per cent. | 1850, - - - | 12.5 per cent. |
| 1810, - - - | 4.9 "         | 1870, - - - | 20.9 "         |
| 1830, - - - | 6.7 "         | 1880, - - - | 22.5 "         |

Personal property has increased more rapidly than real property has appreciated. It is now regarded as its equal in value in most of the States. This would seem a low estimate, for in England, as early as 1869, the personal wealth was considered double the real. But though recognized as equal to or greater than the real wealth, personal property has not, up to this time, borne its share of the burden of taxation, and herein lies the injustice of the attempt to tax the collective mass of property. The great mass of personal wealth is sure to escape taxation, and the burden is heaped upon the visible estates. The following table of real and personal valuations of property, according to the tax lists, in some States of each section, which may serve as examples, proves this conclusively.

| State.         | Population. | Real Property. | Personal Property. | Per Cent. |
|----------------|-------------|----------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Vermont, .     | 332,000     | \$112,895,000  | \$65,157,000       | 37        |
| Mass'chusetts, | 2,238,000   | 1,600,000,000  | 1,010,000,000      | 39        |
| Wisconsin, .   | 1,690,000   | 464,782,000    | 128,108,400        | 20        |
| Iowa, . . .    | 1,911,000   | 374,650,000    | 103,564,000        | 21        |
| Ohio, . . .    | 3,672,000   | 1,232,300,000  | 545,800,000        | 31        |
| Virginia, .    | 1,660,000   | 259,000,000    | 86,000,000         | 24        |
| Tennessee, .   | 1,767,000   | 392,000,000    | 54,630,000         | 12        |
| Georgia, . .   | 1,837,000   | 225,000,000    | 152,300,000        | 40        |
| Kentucky, .    | 1,858,000   | 391,600,000    | 145,200,000        | 28        |
| N. Carolina,   | 1,610,000   | 138,000,000    | 73,000,000         | 35        |

The following figures will show the falling off of the per-

sonal property, according to the tax lists, for the entire United States:

| Year.           | Assessed Value<br>Real Estate. | Personal.     | Per Cent. Personal |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| 1860, . . . . . | 6,973,000,000                  | 5,111,500,000 | 42.3 per cent.     |
| 1870, . . . . . | 9,914,700,000                  | 4,264,200,000 | 30.6 "             |
| 1880, . . . . . | 13,036,700,000                 | 3,866,200,000 | 23 "               |

If the decrease continues as rapid as from 1860 to 1880, it will take only a little more than forty years to shove the entire burden upon the real property, for of course every evasion of personal property puts an additional burden on the real property. This evasion is the result of a lax system of assessments and collections—it is the result of attempting the impossible. In most cases the laws are as rigid as could be framed, personal property being construed as follows:—All goods, chattels, moneys, credits, and effects whatsoever they may be; all ships, boats, vessels belonging to inhabitants of the State, whether at home or abroad; and all capital invested therein; all money within or without the State, due the person to be taxed; all stocks and securities, whether in corporations within the State, or in other States, unless exempt by the laws of the United States or this State.

Blanks are generally furnished each tax payer, and in some of the States heavy penalties are imposed for any neglect in returning these properly filled out. Certainly with a general system of taxation, with the collective mass of property as the basis, no fairer laws could be enacted than the ones now in existence. But the popular conviction is just that they fail to press on all alike. Definite examples of the failure of the present system of tax laws in this country may be gathered from the experience of almost every State.

The Governor of Ohio, in his message of April 6, 1887, says: "Personal property is valued all the way from full value down to nothing. In fact, the great majority of the personal property of the State is not returned, but entirely fraudulently withheld from taxation. This offense against

the State and good morals is too frequently committed by men of wealth and reputed high character and of corresponding position in society. While such men thus disregard and violate the law, it must be expected that our tax duplicate will continue to decrease, instead of increase, with our growth and development. The harm they do is not measured by the amount of money of which they deprive the State. Their example is bad and fraught with evil to the whole community. The requirement of the constitution is that all bonds, stocks, investments, etc., as well as real property, shall be taxed at their true value in money. Our laws have been framed with a view to securing this result, but it is manifest to all acquainted with our resources that they have lamentably failed, for all such know that instead of a grand duplicate of \$1,670,079,868, we ought to have one of at least three thousand millions. And four thousand millions would more nearly represent the taxable wealth of the State."

Thus the Governor of Ohio states the experience of that State with the present system of taxation. Now let us glance at Georgia. These two States, will give a correct idea as to the workings of the general property system throughout the entire country. The Comptroller General of Georgia, in his instructions to county assessors, displays the inadequacy of the law and writes:

"From a careful examination of the digest on file in this office, it is evident to me that such property, notes, accounts, bonds, merchandise, etc., is not returned as it should be. I desire to invite your attention especially to the returns of merchandise. At least fifty per cent. of this class of property is not returned at all." All of which, of course, is very distressing, but not particularly surprising to an observer of human nature.

If the evil is great in Ohio and Georgia, in Tennessee it is even worse. Only twelve per cent. of its burden is carried by the personal property holders. Land and privilege taxation is developed to the greatest excess, especially the

license tax. The system was inaugurated for two purposes, namely, protection and revenue. It is not one that commends itself to the economist. Professor Ely says: "Licenses like many of ours remind me of taxation in the time of feudalism when only those were taxed who were too weak to resist. It is strange that our Southern States, which have prided themselves on their liberal views in regard to international trade, should maintain the most oppressive system of local taxation known to the civilized world." But Professor Ely should remember that our laws are not made to please the professors who understand political economy, but to please the people who do not.

The question of devising a means of taxation that will raise sufficient revenue for the State without overburdening the land owners and small traders is one of vital interest to every citizen. And to understand more fully our requirements in the way of taxes let us examine closely the following statement of the financial condition of Tennessee, compiled and condensed from Comptroller J. W. Allen's report for the year ending December 19, 1891, which is the last available:

Receipts:—

|   |   |   |           |
|---|---|---|-----------|
| County Trustees (Land and Personal tax),      | - | - | \$950,000 |
| County Court Clerks (Privilege),              | - | - | 440,000   |
| Other Court Clerks (Fees),                    | - | - | 40,000    |
| Railroad, Insurance, and Telegraph Companies, | - | - | 200,000   |
| Penitentiary lease,                           | - | - | 85,000    |
| Miscellaneous,                                | - | - | 65,000    |
|   |   |   | <hr/>     |
|   |   |   | 1,780,000 |

Expenditures:—

|  |   |   |           |
|--|---|---|-----------|
| State Prosecutions,                              | - | - | 224,000   |
| Interest on \$16,000,000 State Debt,             | - | - | 600,000   |
| Salaries (Judicial),                             | - | - | 100,000   |
| Salaries (Executive and Office Expenses),        | - | - | 90,000    |
| Legislative Expenses,                            | - | - | 86,000    |
| Penitentiary, Hospitals, Asylums, Repairs, etc., | - | - | 575,000   |
|  |   |   | <hr/>     |
|  |   |   | 1,675,000 |

The fund received from county officials is derived from the following assessments of property:

|                                       |               |              |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|--------------|
| City Real Estate, - - - -             | \$120,530,000 | 31 per cent. |
| County Real Estate, - - - -           | 172,340,000   | 45 per cent. |
| Personal Property and Privileges, - - | 54,630,000    | 15 per cent. |
| Railroads, - - - -                    | 32,300,000    | 9 per cent.  |

These figures show Tennessee to be now at least in a position to meet its interest payments henceforth and to retire its bonds when they mature. At first blush this would seem to indicate good management. But when we glance at the assessments of property by which this revenue has been raised, we do not wonder at the groans of the oppressed land owners and license payers, and that tax reform associations should be voicing the people's cry for relief. Land bears 76 per cent. of the expenses of the State, license and personalty 15 per cent., and the railroads 9 per cent. Who would claim that these are just proportions? To equalize the tax assessment on the two classes of property would amount to a reduction in the tax on real estate of about one third. But the present law cannot be enforced. No inquisitorial powers could keep the personal assessment to the amount it ought, in justice, to reach, and real property, being impossible to conceal, would soon again find itself obliged to bear the chief burden of supporting the State.

What tax will do the greatest benefit to the greatest number and be the least burden to all? Before endeavoring to answer this question, it will be well to recall Adam Smith's four classic maxims of taxation.

1. "The subjects of every State ought to contribute toward the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities.

2. "The tax each individual is bound to pay ought to be certain and not arbitrary.

3. "Every tax ought to be levied at the time and in the manner in which it is most convenient for the contributors to pay it.

4. "Every tax ought to be so contrived as to take out and keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible above what it brings into the public treasury of the State."



The first maxim embodies the principles upon which all just taxation is based. Ability, what a man is able to give to the support of the State, should be the measure of his contribution. In proportion as he is wealthy in land or property, or ability to acquire these, not in proportion to the benefit he receives from society, should he contribute to its needs. General Francis A. Walker, in his "Principles of Political Economy," develops the first maxim thus: "No tax is a just tax unless it leaves individuals in the same relative conditions in which it found them." This has been accepted as the cardinal principle of just taxation by the latest modern writers.

There are two great general classes of taxation—direct and indirect. Indirect taxes are such as the tariff and internal revenue, taxes on expenditure, paid with every purchase of the rich man's luxuries or the poor man's necessities, so far as these fall under the internal or customs revenue. The question of the best system of indirect taxation is one that is argued every day throughout this country, and its phases are well known. But the present discussion will be confined to State and municipal taxation, which, under our Constitution, must be more or less direct. Such taxes may be laid—

1. On rent-bearing land.
2. On all capital, active or inactive.
3. On the proceeds of labor and the interest on capital, generally known as income.
4. On expenditure.
5. On the faculty or capability of production.

Let us see how each of these taxes would answer the purpose of leaving those paying it in the same relative positions they held before the tax was assessed.

1. A tax on rent-bearing land would be a tax on rent and would fall primarily on the landlord. There would be no means by which he could shift the burden, except in so far as all like land were taxed, for the price of the agricultural product is fixed by other laws, and would not be correspondingly raised.

2. A tax on capital would be a tax on savings. To tax realized wealth would be to punish men for not consuming their earnings as fast as they received them.

3. A tax on income is more nearly a just tax than that on rent-bearing land or on wealth, yet it would not reach those who do not strive in proportion to their abilities, but who should be amenable to the State for their quota of what they would be able to do. Still this is a very minor objection.

4. A tax on expenditure would be escaped by the misers and in a measure by the wealthier classes, because, while the laborer spends all or nearly all his earnings, the great capitalist may spend but a fraction of his income in any way that can be taxed.

5. The faculty tax is the ideal tax, but like most ideals it can hardly be realized. Men should serve the State in the degree in which they are able to serve themselves. For the purpose of revenue, however, this tax would not be successful. If honesty were the prevailing principle of mankind, and self-assessment were possible so that each man would pay as he thought he was able, then taxation on the basis of faculty would fulfil the requirements of the State. But as the State cannot long continue to depend entirely upon its honest citizens who are willing to pay as they are able, this tax, too, would finally become a burden on the few willing to bear it. So the system of espionage would have to be introduced again, and we should come back to a tax on assessed income.

The most equitable, in theory, of the bases of taxation was found to be the income tax. The sluggards, it is true, escape this tax, but they, in a healthy community, are a small percentage of the population. So, perfect adjustment of an equitable tax being impossible, the income tax reaches a larger proportion of the community with an equitable assessment than any other.

The income tax is capable of several modifications. A general tax on all incomes would tax at its full proportion the earnings of the common laborer. This would be virtu-

ally a tax on wages. Adam Smith says: "The laboring classes cannot materially contribute to the burdens of the State;" and Malthus remarks: "The price of labor will express clearly the wants of society respecting population." Therefore to lay a direct tax on the laborer would be to sap the life-blood of a nation, though, of course, if it were universal and uniform its onus would be shifted to the consumer of the product of labor, at least ultimately. To avoid this hardship, John Stuart Mill, who favors an income tax, exempts from taxation all incomes less than a certain amount, which is considered sufficient for the maintenance and propagation of the laboring class.

A graduated or progressive income tax has been widely advocated, and has, indeed, some foundation from a democratic point of view, as its object is to prevent the accumulation of wealth in centres and in few hands whither it naturally tends under our present conditions of production. However this may be, to overtax the saving class in a State, or, as Mill says, "to lay a tax on industry and economy, to impose a penalty on people for having worked harder and saved more than their neighbors," and to tax heavily this sturdy class by a graduated income tax is not just or advisable. We decide, therefore, that an income tax of a fixed per cent. on all income above that which is sufficient to furnish the common laborer his sustenance would come nearer combining fairness and availability as a basis of taxation than any other.

The sources of income are rent, profits, and wages. A tax on rent alone, as we have said, falls, with some limitations, upon the landlord. A tax on profits alone falls usually on the payer and reduces the aggregate working capital of the country imposing the tax. A tax on wages alone deteriorates, locally, the condition of the workingman, as it cannot affect the price of the commodity produced, that price being fixed by another law. Thus, a tax on any single one of the three sources of income is unwise. A tax on all three will be more just, but it should have these features:

1. "Incomes below a certain amount should be untaxed.

2. "Incomes above this amount should be taxed only in proportion to the surplus by which they exceed the limit.

3. "Life incomes and incomes from business and professions should be less heavily taxed than inheritable incomes."

—*J. S. Mill.*

An income tax fairly assessed on these principles would be, in point of justice, the least exceptionable of all taxes. The objection to it in the present low state of public morality is the impossibility of ascertaining the real income of contributors. It must be our object, therefore, to devise a system which shall combine the equity of the income tax with a means of ascertaining such incomes that shall not force the State to depend upon the veracity of the citizens for their assessment. Otherwise, the tax, no matter on what principles of equality it might be imposed, would be in practice unequal, falling heaviest on the most conscientious.

To fix upon an equitable system of taxation, we must keep in mind the fundamental principles that taxation must be on a basis of ability, and must leave all in relatively the same condition as before the tax was levied. This is the theory of taxation, as regards justice. But the citizen must also look at the question as a member of the body politic, and considering expediency must perhaps yield some minor points in order that efficiency in collection may be attained, while still doing justice to as large a number as possible. Keeping in view these cardinal principles, the object will be to devise a means of bearing upon all, according to their ability to pay, without leaving the loop-holes open by which so great a proportion of wealth escapes assessment.

This is a very difficult thing to do, and it is impossible to devise a tax system that will be perfectly just. But, because it is evident that perfect justice cannot be done, we should not lessen our desire to strive to approach it as nearly as possible. There is no doubt that the present apparent discrimination against landed wealth is very injurious to this country. To overtax land will result in its concentration in the hands of a few; if this be undesirable, land should not

bear the brunt of taxation as it does now, but every man of every class should contribute to the wants of the government according to his ability.

There is no doubt that a direct income tax is the nearest approach to a tax on ability. The only theoretical objection to it is, that it permits the drones to go free, as it taxes on a basis of accomplishment, and not on potentiality. So that the State would have to charge to those who are willing to work what it had a right to expect of those who are able but unwilling. However, as the income tax would require even more inquisitorial powers than the tax on personal property; as evasion, discrimination, false swearing, etc., are popularly regarded as legitimate means of lowering our tax assessment, there is little chance that the income tax could be successfully operated. And until the moral tone of this country is very different, and until self-assessment with correct results is possible, we cannot hope to have a feasible system of just taxation based on other than visible property, on something that can be seen, and cannot defy investigation. Visible wealth, then, must, as formerly, be the great basis of taxation; it is tangible, and cannot escape. But by what means shall revenue from unknown sources be forced to contribute its quota? It has been found that on the average expenditure is proportional to income as income is also to wealth. This relation is exponential, and the one indicates the other. However, to ascertain the absolute expenditure of a person would be as difficult as to ascertain his real income.

But it can be closely approximated. We have a criterion of expenditure which cannot be concealed. It is an evidence that is open to the world, and on it a man's worldly goods can be assessed with some degree of accuracy without using espionage or giving inquisitorial powers to assessors. The house in which a man thinks he can afford to live is the true exponent of his income. It is that which is the outspoken witness of his wealth with which he assesses himself. This, of course, is not a perfect test, because there is an infinite



variety of tastes and dispositions among men in regard to expenditure, and some care little for home, and spend money on other things. But the love of home appeals to the largest number, and so home-life is evidence in the majority of cases as to a man's income. Therefore, a house tax would be more effective than the direct income tax. John Stuart Mill advocates this tax in the following words:

"A house tax is a nearer approach to a fair income tax than a direct assessment on income can easily be, having the great advantage, that it makes spontaneously all the allowances which it is so difficult to make, and so impracticable to make exactly. For, if what a person pays in house rent is a test of anything, it is a test not of what he possesses, but of what he thinks he can afford to spend." Adam Smith also advocates this tax, and says:

"In general, there is not, perhaps, any one article of expense or consumption by which the liberality or narrowness of a man's whole expense can be judged of than by his house rent. A proportional tax on that particular article of expense might perhaps produce a more considerable revenue than any which has hereto been drawn from it in any part of Europe."

With two such authorities as these favoring this system of taxation, it is evident that it is worthy of careful consideration.

A house tax alone would not be a successful tax, for it could be easily evaded by large amounts of capital. This tax is designed only as a means of discovering that class of property which has heretofore been concealed from the assessors, and fostered by this exemption, has increased so enormously. Affluence is bound to expose itself, and the house tax will reach this hitherto exempted class.

Let visible wealth still be the basis of taxation. This will cover all real property and stocks in chartered companies. Then let there be a general tax laid on every house above a certain value, divided to the inmates, according to family. This should be laid on whoever at the time of the assess-

ment should reside therein, and should be graded according to the rent value of the house. This, it must be understood, is only the general idea of the system; to ascertain the proportion house rent on the average bears to income, or income to property, can be done by further investigation only. It may be noticed, however, that the system has long been in successful operation in Berlin, the best governed capital of the continent.

The main point is to show the justice of the idea of the system. To arrange its practical workings is secondary. The house assessment is meant as a searcher after concealed personality. Real estate will show for itself; personal property will be shown by the house assessment. By this means, the efficacy of both systems will be taken advantage of. While still retaining the advantages of the tax on general wealth, as now in force, the house tax would make an approximate requisition upon the hitherto untaxed personalty, and taxation would become a more widely distributed burden, more equitable, and less oppressive to any class of property.

GEORGE F. MILTON.

## FEATURES OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

IT has been said that when domestic servitude was grafted by the mother country upon her branching colonies in America the last vestiges of hereditary slavery had faded from the social institutions of England, while in France the Third Estate had petitioned for "the emancipation of every serf in every fief."<sup>1</sup> Liberal ideas were making their way throughout Europe, and ancient class distinctions were yielding to the almost imperceptible progress of a rising democracy. By a series of events and causes, which need not be detailed, African slavery, after having been firmly planted in our soil, gradually disappeared in some communities; in others, it attained a remarkable degree of development, and renewed, to some extent, customs and institutions which had for a long time been mouldering in the dusty closets of mediæval Europe. Often, indeed, a study of this phase of American history carries one even further back than the period commonly known as the Middle Ages, for—certainly from the stand-point of jurisprudence—there is much to suggest Roman ideas to one who examines the old slave codes of the United States.

It is noteworthy that, wherever slavery lasted longest in America, the community was invariably devoted to agriculture. This fact would itself suggest a comparison between feudalism and slavery; and if the former, viewed from a political stand-point, be defined as the system which made the owner of a piece of land the sovereign of those who dwelt upon it,<sup>2</sup> the same thing may practically be said of that form of slavery which has affected our national life most immediately. To the differences of class in the former, however, arising out of an inequality in wealth and power, there was in the latter added a difference of race. The seeds of

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<sup>1</sup> Bancroft, 6th edition. Vol. I., p. 176.

<sup>2</sup> Bryce: Holy Roman Empire. 6th Edition, p. 123.

a caste system were thus early sown, and the growing years witnessed their full fruition everywhere. The lord was usually a white man, his vassal a black man. It is this fact that makes the type of slavery that existed in America so unlike any other form of slavery, ancient or modern. It was this which rendered its extermination so difficult, and closed the doors of the higher ranks to the freedmen who had been liberated under some of the various forms of manumission. "The slave among the ancients," says DeTocqueville, "belonged to the same race as his master, and he was often the superior of the two in education and instruction. Freedom was the only distinction between them; and when freedom was conferred, they were easily confounded together." In so far as identity of race goes, the same may also be said of the serfs of later Europe. For the most part, they were of the same stock as their lords, and "the vestiges of servitude" naturally disappeared when the shackles of bondage were removed.<sup>1</sup> One who was, however, of a different race and color from his owner—even when given his freedom—transmitted to all his descendants the unmistakable stamp of bondage.<sup>2</sup> As a natural consequence of this difference of race and color, there arose in the slave communities three classes of persons—namely, the citizens or whites; the "free persons of color," or those blacks who were not in bondage; and the slaves. This division of society, while nominally based upon color, in many respects found its prototype in the early divisions of Anglo-Saxon society. The citizen, for example, was not only a white man: he was one who was not a negro. In other words, the mere description of a person became the division of a class. "The term white ('free white man') used in our [South Carolina] constitution," says O'Neill, "is comparative, merely; it was intended to be used in opposition to the colors resulting from the slave blood. . . . When is the descendant of the Indian to be regarded as white? Is it that he is not to be so regarded,

<sup>1</sup> DeTocqueville: *American Institutions*, with notes by Spencer, pp. 360-1.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

until a jury shall find him to be white, on account of the great preponderance of white blood? But the Indian blood, like that of the white, is the blood of freedom; there is nothing degrading in it, and hence, therefore, the Indian and his descendants may well claim to be white, within the legal meaning of our constitution."<sup>1</sup> Him, however, whose complexion was

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun

the law presumed to be a slave. The blood of the negro was *prima facie* evidence of slavery, and the burden of proof was cast upon him to prove his freedom.<sup>2</sup> If he succeeded in establishing his title to freedom, he became a "free person of color." And here also we find that the words "free person of color" were the evident designation of a class.<sup>3</sup>

In a society so constituted it is not surprising to find that all political power was vested in the citizens, or whites. The idea—borrowed from England—also early obtained that the ownership of land should be the qualification for exercising the elective franchise. Slave-holding was, by some States, made the prerequisite of a seat in the legislature, as for example, by the Constitution of South Carolina, adopted in 1790, it was provided that no one was eligible to the lower branch of the General Assembly who, if a resident of the district, was not possessed of a freehold of five hundred acres and ten negroes. Ownership of slaves was not required of candidates for the Senate, or of candidates for the office of Governor.<sup>4</sup> There naturally grew up in all slave States, moreover, two kinds of slave-holders. There was the great slave owner—the owner of hundreds of slaves—whose acres of land were measured by thousands. This was the planter. And there was the farmer, who owned but few slaves, and only a few hundred acres of land. Beneath both planter and farmer were the "poor whites" who owned

<sup>1</sup> Negro Law of South Carolina. By John Belton O'Neill, p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *Nelson v. Whetmore*. 1 Rich. (S. C.) R., p. 318.

<sup>3</sup> *Ex parte Ferrett and others*, 1 Con. R. (S. C.) 194.

<sup>4</sup> Constitution of 1790, Article I., sections 4-8.



neither slaves nor land—and very little property of any description.

The gradual introduction of the great staples, rice, cotton, and tobacco, arrested in the Southern States any lasting movement toward a general emancipation, while the demand for those products caused the clearing of new lands, and a large increase in the slave population. The planter class was therefore frequently augmented by the farmer class; but the condition of the "poor white" grew even more desperate, for it was impossible for him to compete with slave labor. Meanwhile slavery was elsewhere succumbing. As early as 1774 Rhode Island had provided for its gradual extinction; a similar provision was made by Pennsylvania in 1780, while four years later New Jersey and Connecticut began to rid themselves of the incubus. New Hampshire and Vermont abolished it by their State constitutions, and, about the beginning of the present century, New York began to emancipate her slaves. Massachusetts had already prepared the way for universal freedom.<sup>1</sup>

"The simple wish," says Sir Henry Maine, "to use the bodily powers of another person as a means of ministering to one's own ease or pleasure is doubtless the foundation of slavery, and as old as human nature."<sup>2</sup> The same author points out how the almost unconscious compunctions of man force him to adopt some sort of defense for the existence of slavery. The Greeks, for example, "explained the institution as grounded on the intellectual inferiority of certain races, and their consequent natural aptitude for the servile condition. The Romans, in a spirit equally characteristic, derived it from a supposed agreement between victor and vanquished, in which the first stipulated for the perpetual services of his foe; and the other gained in consideration the life which he had legitimately forfeited."<sup>3</sup> Such theories were plainly unsound, nor did they really account for the

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<sup>1</sup> Kent's Com. Lec. xxxii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*      <sup>3</sup> Ancient Law. First Am. Ed., pp. 158-9.

existence of slavery in Greece or Rome. Yet they salved the conscience of the slave owner, and beyond a doubt sunk the slave lower and lower in the scale of humanity. In the Middle Ages inequalities in social rank—save possibly in the Church—were too generally recognized to admit of much discussion. In England, however, the villein was in the eye of the law a villein only in relation to his lord.<sup>1</sup> The villein, however, of the very lowest type, was vastly better off than the slave of the ancients, or the slave in America, for to all persons other than his lord, he was a freeman. Indeed, it has been the just boast of Englishmen that true slavery could not exist in England because the atmosphere was “too pure for a slave to breathe in.” It therefore came about that the leading legal principles applicable to property in slaves were borrowed from the civil law. The English common law knew nothing of it. A few leading cases on this subject will serve to illustrate the development of these principles of the Roman law. The slave, for example, was deemed the personal property of his owner. The consequences of this rule were very far reaching, because, instead of becoming *adscriptus glebæ*, the American slave was liable to all the vicissitudes and transportations of other personal property. It was once suggested, however, in South Carolina, that the slaves should be annexed to the freehold of their owners, and that when sold “for partition among distributees, tenants in common, joint tenants and coparceners,” they should be sold with the freehold. But this idea was never carried into effect.<sup>2</sup> We thus see another leading distinction between American slavery and European feudalism. Under the latter system, the serfs, being for the most part annexed to the freehold, enjoyed all the advantages naturally arising from fixed abodes, not the least of these being family life; but the slave was denied all of these advantages. The fixed, hard rules of the Roman law bound him closely to his owner. For example, Bouvier’s Law Dictionary for 1854

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<sup>1</sup> Kent Com. Lec. xxxii. <sup>2</sup> Negro Law of South Carolina. O’Neill 1-18.

thus defines a slave: he is "a man who is by law deprived of his liberty for life, and becomes the property of another." He had no political rights, and very few civil rights.<sup>1</sup> He could make no contracts unless specially authorized by law.<sup>2</sup> As a natural consequence, he could—strictly speaking—hold no property. *Quicquid acquiritur servo acquiritur domino* was a maxim that was well-nigh supreme.

The laws of the various States differed, of course, in regard to the regulation of the subject of slavery. Local regulations, moreover, changed from time to time. In Louisiana it was the law that slaves should descend as real estate; and to some extent they were by the law of Kentucky regarded as realty.<sup>3</sup> In most of the other States slaves were classed in the law of property as personalty, while in Georgia, and the newer State of Arkansas, property in slaves was protected by the constitution.<sup>4</sup> In leaving the plantation or town where he resided, the slave was required to have a pass, and unless he did have such a license, any white man finding him in the highway was authorized to apprehend and chastise him. Unlike the villein, the slave was a slave in relation to all the world. He could not marry, he could not buy or sell; nor could he keep for his own use any boat or canoe, or breed any horses or cattle.<sup>5</sup> He could not, on his own account, hire any room, or house, or plantation. Nor was he able, without the permission of his owner, to use or carry any weapon, burn grass or brush, hunt game, or brand cattle.<sup>6</sup>

As in ancient days, a special apparel was prescribed for the slave. In South Carolina, for example, he was forbidden to wear any goods finer than osnaburgs, calicoes, kerseys, or checks.<sup>7</sup> Notwithstanding the restrictions on the subject, the slave enjoyed a quasi right of property recalling the *peculium* of the Roman slave. He could, for instance, acquire and hold personal property by the consent of his master, on

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<sup>1</sup> Bouvier's Law Dictionary. <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>3</sup> Kent Com. xxxii. <sup>4</sup> Kent Com. Lec. xxxii. <sup>5</sup> James' Digest, p. 385. <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>7</sup> James' Digest, p. 388.

the theory that what belonged to the slave was the property of his master.<sup>1</sup> The slave was also frequently allowed his "patch," and in many instances could raise his own poultry, hogs, and sometimes cattle. His property was always liable to seizure and forfeiture, for there was no security whatsoever for it. Even where a slave sailor had braved the perils of the sea, made a rescue, and received the reward for it, the salvage was not his.<sup>2</sup> In this particular case, the money went to the hirer of the slave, and not to his owner. Where property, however, had been seized as belonging to a slave, an action would not lie against the owner of the slave for taking the property away from the captor.<sup>3</sup> The latter was authorized to bring a civil suit against the slave's owner for the value of the property.<sup>4</sup> Such provisions, scanty as they may appear, protected, to some extent, both owner and slave from the cupidity of others.

Although the marriages of slaves were not recognized by the law, there was developed a quasi recognition of the marital tie which was always considered morally good. Following the rules of the Roman law, it was a part of the American slave law that the offspring followed the condition of the mother.

Slaves were subject to road and bridge duty; but no slaves were required to be sent to work any road unless it passed within ten miles of the plantation where they were employed for the greater part of the year.<sup>5</sup> Slaves were also frequently employed in the militia, but mainly for menial purposes. The number of hours slaves were worked each day seems to have depended upon the season of the year and the nature of their work. To a large extent also, the time and manner of their employment depended upon the humanity of their owners. From March 25th to September 25th—the

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<sup>1</sup> Negro Law of South Carolina, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> *Gourdin v. West and Robertson*, 11 Richardson, p. 288.

<sup>3</sup> *The State v. Mazyck*, 3 Richardson, p. 291.

<sup>4</sup> *Howard v. Mazyck*, *Ibid*, p. 293.

<sup>5</sup> Road Law of South Carolina, pp. 13-28.

busiest season for those engaged in agricultural pursuits—owners were, in some States, forbidden by statute, to work their slaves for more than fifteen hours each day. It is said that few owners employed their slaves for more than twelve hours a day during the busy season, and ten hours for the rest of the year.<sup>1</sup> The law required owners of slaves to furnish them with sufficient food, covering, and clothing.<sup>2</sup> Where this requirement was not complied with, any person was authorized by statute to make complaint, on behalf of the neglected slave, to the nearest justice, who thereupon summoned the accused slave-holder to appear before him. The accused, however, could always exculpate himself by his own oath, unless positive evidence was given to the contrary, in which case a fine was imposed. What kind or quality of food was sufficient appears to have been left to custom. In one case animal food was held to be necessary and customary.<sup>3</sup> It was declared in the same case that a quart of meal per day was insufficient for the daily support of a grown slave.<sup>4</sup> The fee of the sheriff, moreover, for dieting negroes confined in jail, was twenty-five cents per diem, for each of such prisoners, while for white prisoners it was twelve cents more.<sup>5</sup> On one occasion, the court, in commenting upon the law requiring owners to furnish their slaves with food and clothing, declared the provision to be "salutary, even more by the opprobrium which follows a conviction, than by the penalties of its violation."<sup>6</sup> "Public opinion," it was added, "derives force from its sanction; and the rapaciousness of the owner from its active interference."<sup>7</sup> An owner of slaves was held bound to furnish his slaves with medicine when it was required. "The slave," declared the court, "lives for his master's service. His time, his labor, his comforts, are all at his master's disposal. The duty of humane treatment, and of medical assistance, when clearly necessary, ought not to be withheld."<sup>8</sup> Woe to the person,

<sup>1</sup> Negro Law of South Carolina, p. 21.<sup>2</sup> James' Digest, p. 389.<sup>3</sup> *The State v. Bowen*, 3 Strobb. 574.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>5</sup> James' Digest, 389.<sup>6</sup> *The State v. Bowen*, ante. <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>8</sup> *Fairchild v. Bell*, 2 Brevard, 129.



however, who endeavored to entice a slave from the house of his owner, or who harbored what was known in the terminology of the day as a "runaway" Not only was such an one severely dealt with, but the fleeing slave himself was heavily punished. Indeed, the word "runaway" became a by-word, as well as a terrible means of frightening disobedient children—a veritable black man lurking in the gloom of the forests, ready to pounce upon a recalcitrant boy.

At an early period the ancient distinction naturally arose between the domestic slaves and those who were employed in cultivating the soil. This latter class was known as "field slaves" or "field hands." Employed in towns and about the dwellings or premises of their owners, the domestic slaves fared far better than their less fortunate brethren who worked on the plantation or farm. The housemaid, the cook, the butler, the seamstress, the carriage driver, the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the gardener, by constant association with the whites, acquired an education that was denied the field slave, and often by reason of the owner's attachment were saved from transportation to the distant West or Southwest. It was this training—meagre as it was—that prepared the domestic slave to be the leader of his race when bondage was exchanged for freedom.

The slave had no surname. If Henry, for example, was the slave of "Colonel" White, he was known as "Colonel" White's Henry, and in case several slaves living on the same plantation bore the same name, it was customary to distinguish them by adding to their first name some distinguishing physical characteristic. It was "Yellow" Henry and "Black" Henry; "Big" Tom and "Little" Tom. The only case in which a slave could bring an action was in a suit to test the question of his freedom, and then he was obliged to sue by guardian.<sup>1</sup> It would be easier to tell what the slave could do than to tell what he could not do, for he labored

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<sup>1</sup> *Susan, a free person of color vs. Wells.* 3 Brevard, 11.

under almost total disabilities. It would seem, however, that often the severer penalties attached to the offenses of slaves or of those who were inclined to soften the rigor of their lot, were enacted more in the nature of an intimidation than with a view to executing them to the letter. Wherever slavery existed, for example, it was made a grave crime for a bondsmen or free person of color to strike a white man, and a very serious crime for him to use "provoking language" to one not a negro. "If any negro, or mulatto," declared the Mississippi Code, "bond or free, shall, at any time use abusive or provoking language to, or lift his or her hand in opposition to any person, not being a negro or mulatto, he or she so offending, shall, for every such offense, proved by the oath of the party, before a justice of the peace of the county or corporation, where such offense shall be committed, receive such punishment as the justice shall think proper, not exceeding thirty-nine lashes on his or her bare back, well laid on, except in those cases where it shall appear to such justice, that such negro or mulatto was wantonly assaulted, and lifted his or her hand in his or her defense."<sup>1</sup> In Mississippi it was further provided that slaves found guilty of felonies not punishable by death could be burnt in the hand by the sheriff, and suffer such other corporal punishment as the court thought fit to inflict.<sup>2</sup> The following was the punishment provided by the Code of Mississippi for perjury on the part of a slave: "One ear nailed to the pillory, and there to stand for the space of one hour, and then the said ear to be cut off, and thereafter the other ear nailed in like manner, and cut off at the expiration of one other hour."<sup>3</sup> Petty crimes were usually visited by corporal punishment. In case of the execution of a slave, his value was assessed, and part of the money paid to his owner and part to the person injured by the felony—provisions which take us back to Anglo-Saxon days when the wer-geld was given a murdered man's kinsmen.

Can there be found a sadder aspect of American slavery

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<sup>1</sup> Miss. Code (1848).

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

than the universal provisions against instructing those held in bondage? Here, again, we find the evil results gradually engendered by the vain attempts to perpetuate servitude—the folly of endeavoring to uphold by statutes a social anachronism. Aside from various police regulations restricting the movements of slaves at night, these black serfs enjoyed a considerable amount of personal freedom as far as locomotion went. No chains and shackles clanked about the plantation as they did in ancient times. A far more effective means of inthralment was devised in the shape of those laws that forbade the imparting of any sort of knowledge to a bondsman. The American slave-holder early learned that fetters were superfluous where ignorance was supreme. It seems that at first there was no serious opposition to teaching a slave how to read; but by and by, when the first abolitionist leaflets began to inveigh against this anomalous kind of property, the law-makers commenced to add to the slave codes statutes which sought to prevent the education of the slave. But in spite of these restrictions, the impulses of humanity not infrequently triumphed over the reactionary provisions of the slave statutes. “The best slaves in the State” [South Carolina], declared the spotless O’Neill, “are those who can and do read the Scriptures. Again, who is it that teach your slaves to read? It generally is done by the children of the owners. Who would tolerate an indictment against his son or daughter for teaching a favorite slave to read? *Such laws look to me as rather cowardly.* It seems to me as if we were afraid of our slaves. Such a feeling is unworthy of a Carolina master.”<sup>1</sup> Especial force seems to have been attached to the laws against teaching a slave to write. This latter restriction apparently aimed at the prevention of communication on the part of the slave with people at a distance. His reading appears to have been confined to the Bible. In this connection it may be mentioned that in 1831, an amendment to the slave law of Mississippi contained the following

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<sup>1</sup> Negro Law.

section: "From and after the passage of this act, it shall not be lawful for any slave, free negro, or mulatto, to exercise the functions of a minister of the gospel, under the penalty of thirty-nine lashes: *Provided*, That it shall be lawful for any master or owner to permit his slave to preach upon his own premises, but not to permit any other slaves but his own to assemble there on such occasions."<sup>1</sup> In some communities it was customary to allow the slaves on Sunday afternoons the use of the church of the whites, and most churches had galleries or special seats for the blacks.

An owner did not possess the power of life and death over a slave, nor could he legally inflict cruel punishment on him. "No cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted on any slave within this State," declared the Code of Mississippi. "And any master," it continued, "or other person, entitled to the service of any slave, who shall inflict such cruel or unusual punishment, or shall authorize or permit the same to be inflicted, shall, on conviction thereof, before any court having cognizance, be fined, according to the magnitude of the offense, and at the discretion of the court, in any sum not exceeding five hundred dollars, to be paid into the treasury of the State, for the use and benefit of the literary fund."<sup>2</sup>

Slaves were in some States tried in a manner different from that in the case of an accused white man, and there were in South Carolina special tribunals—called freeholders' courts—for the trial of the blacks. Heavy penalties were inflicted on white persons attending unlawful meetings of slaves and free negroes, or trading with them without permission. Laws recalling the old English abhorrence of petty treason were also in force almost everywhere, and any slave who murdered, or tried to murder, his owner, was, on trial and conviction, put to death—sometimes with great severity.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Mississippi Code, 1848.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>3</sup> Essays in the Constitutional History of the United States. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson. Essay on The Status of the Slave. By Dr. J. R. Brackett. Pp. 262—311.

The only cases in which a black could be a witness was where one of his own race—bond or free—was being tried. It is curious to note that the status of the slave was strikingly similar in all of the colonies down to about the time of the Revolution, when the principles of the rights of man were in some communities—notably in the New England States—extended either by statutes or decisions to the blacks. This was also done in Hayti after the French Revolution. Where slavery received a fresh impulse, however, there either remained on the statute books or were added to them provisions that for the most part obtained elsewhere a century earlier. For example, where a negro man and woman were found guilty at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1755, of poisoning their owner, "the man was drawn to the place of execution, hanged, and his body exposed on the gibbet; and the woman was drawn and bound at the stake."<sup>1</sup>

In New York, before emancipation became general, a slave "who got drunk, or cursed, or talked impudently to any Christian," received a whipping. Slaves in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, in the eighteenth century, could not wander over five or ten miles from home without being lashed, while in Delaware there were special courts for the trial of heinous offenses committed by slaves.<sup>2</sup> These facts suggest some interesting questions. Were not, for example, those communities in which slavery held out longest in America simply a type, in many respects, of the American community as it existed prior to the revolution? To what extent was the status of the slave altered by the increase in the size of the plantations after the opening up of the Southwest? Investigations along these lines would doubtless throw much light upon one of the most remarkable elements of our national history.

There is no more interesting phase of slave legislation than the many police regulations which were provided for the government of the blacks. Take, for example, the pa-

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<sup>1</sup> The Status of the Slave. Dr. Brackett. *Supra.* p. 269.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



trol. It was the duty of the patrol to apprehend all slaves found wandering about at night without passes, and either put them in the "guard-house," or turn them over to their owners. This "guard-house" was, in a measure, a dungeon for slaves, and to some extent suggests the *ergastulum* of Rome. A characteristic old plantation melody thus describes the very natural aversion of the negro for both patrol and "guard-house:"

"Run, nigger, run, de patterrole 'll ketch yer;  
Run, nigger, run, hit 's almos' day!  
Some fokes say niggers won't steal;  
But I caught seben in my corn fiel':  
Run, nigger, run," etc.

The manner in which a slave could be emancipated varied in different States; and nothing more forcibly illustrates the deep, silent, and possibly general fear on the part of the whites of the existence of a large population of free persons of color than the steady opposition to emancipation. It was early decided that baptism did not enfranchise. As slavery advanced, it became more and more difficult for the owner to free a slave, or for the slave to acquire his freedom. In South Carolina, for example, down to the year 1820, emancipation could take effect by the voluntary dissolution of the bonds of servitude by the owner, by deed, by will, and some times by prescriptive right. A slave was also able to hire his own time and buy his redemption as well as that of his relatives. In 1820 an act vested the right of emancipation in the legislature. An owner, however, who wished to set a slave free did not always wait for the uncertain action of the law-making power, but resorted to the subtleties of uses and trusts. The general methods of emancipation, however, were by deed, by will, by legislative enactment, and by the removal of the slave, with the consent of the owner, to a State where slavery was forbidden.<sup>1</sup>

The question of status was one which often arose. In the first place, a culprit who was a slave was tried in a different

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<sup>1</sup> Bouvier.

tribunal, in some States, from the one in which white people were tried. On this very point of the claim to freedom a curious comparison was instituted between the American slave and the English villein. An effort was made in South Carolina to invoke the aid of the writ *de homine replegiando* in behalf of a negro who claimed to be deprived of his freedom unlawfully; and it was urged that he could, like the villein in such a case, enjoy his freedom *pendente lite*—while under the statutory provision the claimant remained in *statu quo*. The court held, however, that a negro in the possession of a white man was presumed to be a slave, and that a villein, who sought to establish his freedom by the old writ, was obliged to give bond, ergo, it was better for the negro to follow the provision of the legislature.<sup>1</sup>

When the negro was emancipated, he became a "free person of color." While this class did not labor under the same disabilities that bore so hard upon the slave, its members did not everywhere enjoy all the civil rights of white persons. The "free person of color" could make contracts, he could marry, he could have a surname, he enjoyed the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and he was protected in the enjoyment of the personal rights of citizens. In some States he could even vote. Sometimes he owned slaves. As a rule, however, the "free person of color" was made to feel that he neither belonged to the class of citizens nor need hope to become one. As slavery fastened itself more deeply in the body politic, the "free negro" became more and more unpopular, when, even to a slave, "free nigger" and "poor white trash"—the black man with liberty and the white man without money—became synonyms of all that was bad. In some States the free person of color was required to move elsewhere, or run the risk of being sold. An extract from the Code of Texas of 1857 will illustrate this point. Some of the provisions read as follows:

"Article 906. A person of color is one who has at least one-fourth African blood.

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<sup>1</sup> *Huger vs. Barnwell*. 5. Richardson, 274.

"Art. 907. No free person of color can lawfully immigrate to or remain in this State, except where special permission is given by the Constitution and Laws of the State.

"Art. 908. When a free person of color, who is not specially permitted by law to reside in the State, is found within its limits, any magistrate may, from his own knowledge, or upon information given him by a credible person, issue his warrant for the arrest of such person of color."

The accused person was then sold at auction for a term of years, at the expiration of which time he was to leave the State under penalty of losing his freedom.

It sometimes happened that a free person of color claimed to be a white man, and if a jury on inspection decided that he should be admitted to that class, it was so ordered, but it was ever afterward whispered about that this or that person had negro blood in his veins. The question of caste was usually determined by a variety of evidence, such as the reception of the claimants into the society of white people; their non-payment of the tax imposed upon "free persons of color;" their service in the militia; their admission as witnesses; the fact that one had been called a mulatto; and the various *indicia* of race, such as color, hair, and physical formation.

In conclusion we must call attention to the fact that nowhere can we get a better understanding of a people's character than in their laws, "for their hopes, their fears, and their prejudices may be read there." Of no community is this more true than of those States of this Union in which slavery dragged out its existence; and although we naturally view with very great surprise the retrograde statutes and decisions which guided the actions of men in the nineteenth century under a government professing to be a republic, yet we must remember that such laws were the natural outgrowth of the idea and claim that the one race was the superior of the other. That was the balm with which the American slaveholder sought to soothe the pangs of conscience that came to him no less than to the ancient Roman and Greek.

Like them, too, he sought for a self-justification. The astounding doctrine was laid down that the destiny of the black man was to minister to the physical wants of the white man. With such a premise, it is not at all surprising that there was slowly reproduced in the New World a type of society strikingly similar to that which existed in the old during the palmiest days of feudalism—an aristocracy with all its characteristic virtues and vices, its romance and squalor, its glory and shame.

B. J. R.

## JOHN RUSKIN.<sup>1</sup>

DURING the last few years the literature of "Ruskinism" has been multiplied, and we have many studies, of varying merit, that deal with the life and influence of the great art critic and philanthropist. The curiosity of the reading public has, however, not been satisfied, but only whetted by these partial sketches. No literary genius, perhaps, has ever been so generous in his self-disclosures as Ruskin, and yet no man's life, in some of its phases, has been so wrapped in mystery. The prefaces of his works abound in revelations of his own personal history and feelings; his lectures bristle with allusions to his private hopes, fears and disappointments. We have more than two volumes of autobiography from him, and yet very few, if any, of the multitude of his admirers can say that they really know and understand John Ruskin as he is. It is with a fair appreciation of these facts that Mr. W. G. Collingwood, Mr. Ruskin's secretary and the editor of his poems, has given to the world his admirable and extensive "Life and Work of John Ruskin."<sup>1</sup> Strictly speaking this is not a biography, but rather an account of the work of the master, written by a disciple, with just enough biographical detail to form a chronological thread by which the various writings are arranged. Ruskin's admirers will have to wait until time shall have removed all necessity for reserve, and the letters and private documents shall be given to the world. For the present all must be thankful for the information that is given—and so delightfully given—in these two splendid volumes. Mr. Collingwood writes with the fervor of an apologist. His style, at times, is not unlike Mr. Ruskin's

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<sup>1</sup>The Life and Work of John Ruskin, by W. G. Collingwood, M. A., editor of the Poems of John Ruskin, etc., with portraits and other illustrations, in two volumes. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1893.



own. He is a man of earnestness and feeling. And yet the general impression produced by his story is not entirely pleasant or satisfactory. The fact is, that Mr. Ruskin's work must be subordinate in interest to Mr. Ruskin's personality. Even his literary achievements, taken as a whole, are of uncertain value, if the value of such work is to be tested by its permanent results. In spite of all talk to the contrary, the public at large will stick to the first volumes of the *Modern Painters*, the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice" as the author's masterpieces. When therefore, we are told that he himself is dissatisfied with these earlier works, as not in keeping with his matured opinions; that the "Stones of Venice" was recast and changed, and the "Modern Painters" put on the condemned list, it tends to weaken our enthusiasm for this literature. In order then, properly to appreciate Mr. Ruskin's literary work from his stand-point, the student should be furnished with a supplementary volume of "Retractions." All that Mr. Collingwood says, the portraits that he gives us, the fragments of correspondence (especially the most delightful letters to and from Carlyle and Browning), intensify the desire for a publication of Ruskin's letters. It is only thus that we shall be able to estimate the life and character of this man, whose genius, so like Swift's in many ways, as he himself tells us, is softened by a strange and tender pathos of regret for failure, by a deep yearning for human love, that has striven painfully with his self-confidence in generous deeds and noble sacrifice for the recognition and approval of his fellow men.

John Ruskin was born in London, Feb. 8th, 1819. His father was an enterprising and prosperous wine merchant, his mother a strong and earnest woman who gave her life to this, her only child. It was a Scotch family, and the characteristic traits were conspicuous in the parents and the son. There was no self-indulged and easy freedom in this boyhood. His training and education were prearranged and carried out with scrupulous care. Almost from the first he

exhibited the precocity of the poet and artist, and his attitude toward his several school teachers had always in it something of the confidence of genius. In the fall of 1836 he matriculated at Oxford, and went into residence the following January. He was already a writer of poetry—and poetry of considerable merit—an enthusiastic student of art and natural science—a telling contributor to two or three magazines, and had prepared for Blackwood a reply to some criticisms on Turner, the publication of which was fortunately prevented by the artist himself, who thus made the *Modern Painters* possible. Mr. Ruskin's career at the University was not eventful. He won the Newdigate prize on the third trial, with a poem for which his biographer apologizes as representing one of his weaker moods. In the stir of the Oxford Religious movement he took no part. The discussions of men like Pusey, and Keble, and Newman, did not interest the young Calvinist, whose mother had taken up her residence with him, chiefly for the purpose of guarding his religion. He was at this time passing through his first unfortunate love affair, which was indeed the stimulus of his ambition for the Newdigate, and the disappointment of which led to such entire collapse of his health and strength that he left the University before taking his degree. In May, 1842, he returned to his college, Christ Church, and passed for his B. A., with an honorable double fourth. His visit to the Continent had increased his enthusiasm for Turner, and immediately after quitting the University he began to write his vindication. The name of the book was changed before publication, and appeared in April, 1843, under the title "*Modern Painters, their superiority proved, etc., especially from the works of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R. A.*" The book was certainly a revelation to the reading public. It was audacious but magnificent. Some hero-worshippers of accepted masters were outraged and indignant, but the volume swept its way to popularity. No prose writer had ever shown such wonderful powers of description, along with such exact familiarity with natural scenery. The keen analysis,

the splendid imagery, the brilliant style, the impetuous ardor of the argument won the admiration of England, and of the world. The secret of the "Oxford Graduate" leaked out through the proud father, and John Ruskin became a celebrity in the great world, the apostle of a new era in art criticism. From this time onward his standing as a literary and art critic was assured. He was and is the dictator to a multitude of disciples. There is a Ruskin society devoted to the study of his works. The number of bound volumes of his writings, put out by his two English publishers alone, is 300,000. From 1843 to 1871, in spite of repeated attacks of illness, his literary activity was incessant, and every step he made was a fresh victory. The "Stones of Venice" and the "Seven Lamps"—the most finished of his works—surpassed in some respects the "Modern Painters," the concluding volumes of which appeared before 1860. He became known as a popular and brilliant lecturer on his favorite subjects, and various volumes of lectures, *e. g.*, "Sesame and Lilies," "The Queen of the Air," and "Lectures on Art," were read and studied and quoted by an increasing host of followers on both sides of the Atlantic. It seemed as if he had reached the limit of human fame. In geology and mineralogy, as in architecture, and painting, and sculpture, he was recognized as an authority. His own drawings were given a place in the National Gallery. His mastery of English style had created a new school of expression. What Erasmus, and Voltaire, and Dr. Johnson were in their days to the world of letters, that Ruskin was in the world of art. Even his father, who had at first deplored his abandonment of poetry, was satisfied at last with the position which he had achieved. It was a great cause and a great prophet. But Ruskin himself was not satisfied. He regarded all this work as preliminary and preparatory. As Mr. Collingwood says, "Until he was forty, Mr. Ruskin was a writer on art; after that, his art was secondary to ethics." He used art as a text, never as a theme. His earlier religious convictions and his devotion to art went together. A cloud settled over

him—a morbid sense of the evil of the world, a horror of great darkness. He began a fierce crusade against the old world, its hypocrisies, its orthodoxies, its respectabilities. Carlyle's invective was a zephyr to the blasting breath of his displeasure. The Sage of Chelsea was of course delighted. Ruskin's attack on modern political economy began with the "Unto This Last" (1860) and "Munera Pulveris" (1862). The letters to workingmen "*Fors Clavigera*" began to appear in 1871, and continued at intervals for thirteen years. Their biting wit and sarcasm, their fierce scorn for received opinions and cherished institutions, their strange use of familiar terms, did not commend these writings to the sober, common sense of men. And Ruskin writhed under the cool compassion with which they were received. Ruskin's social theories culminated in "Time and Tide," which appeared in 1867, and which his biographer considers to be "the central work of his life." In it he gives an outline of his ideal constitution for the Utopian Commonwealth. The four predominant characteristics are adopted or adapted from the Middle Ages, and include their guild system, their chivalry, their church, and something of their feudal scheme. The bane of labor in modern times, he says, is competition, and the proposed remedy for this is the organization of guilds—guilds not local, but universal—in which wages shall be regulated, the best work guaranteed, and the workmen of superior talent gladly recognized as "masters" or "captains" of labor, "not without a certain pecuniary advantage, but without that disproportion of income and of responsibility, which is the plague of modern commerce and manufacture."

Again, the object of education should be the moral and physical improvement of the race, and only those who had qualified themselves by attaining a certain standard in these respects ought to be allowed to marry. This would be the true knighthood. An allowance should be granted to the newly married for the first seven years by the State, and all incomes should be limited to some fixed maximum.

As to the Church, that was a concession of Ruskin to

the inherent religiousness of human nature. It should be a department of the State, with paid officers called "Bishops," who should teach no doctrines, but give themselves to pastoral care, the various families being at liberty to accept their ministrations or not as they pleased. The feudalism of the Middle Ages finally gave the theory of government. For the present a military despotism is the only cure for a diseased society, and the ideal State must be absolute in power. There should be no ownership of land, but all citizens tenants of the State.

In various ways, some rather amusing, some solemnly real, with vast expenditure of his private fortune, Mr. Ruskin has tried to carry out these theories in practical life. His experiments have included free libraries, new homes for the poor, street sweepings, and model tea-shops. In 1871 he called for adherents, and the St. George's Guild was organized, as a practical example of "socialistic capital as opposed to a national debt, and of socialistic labor as opposed to competitive struggle for life." The Guild flourished for a while, and still continues, although it has practically abandoned its distinctive mission, and contents itself with contributing to educational institutions and maintaining the Sheffield Museum.

In 1869 Mr. Ruskin was elected Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, and retained the position until 1888, when he resigned it on account of the introduction of vivisection into the schools.

The recurrence of an attack of brain fever in 1881 realized the worst fears of his friends, who more than once had trembled at the dark chaos out of which his thought had seemed to flash at times—but he gradually recovered his accustomed clearness and vigor of mind. The death of his friend Arthur Hilliard, in 1887, brought the "storm cloud" down upon him once more, and for many weeks his life was despaired of. Again he recovered and resumed his work—until in August, 1890, a return of the awful malady induced him to abandon all effort, and retire from the world to his



quiet retreat at Brantwood. The work of his life is done. Some of it shall live in the world's best literature; some of it shall have enduring illustration in the lives of men. Whether he has been ahead of his age, or whether he has been only a mistaken social idealist, his heroic unselfishness, his "scorn of all miserable aims that end in self," command the respect and admiration of mankind. What the inner struggles, ambitions, disappointments, thoughts, and hopes of the man himself have been, will be the fruitful and inspiring theme of some future biographer. For the present we are grateful for the richness and helpfulness of what Mr. Collingwood has given us, and may unite with him in his hope for his master, that, "now the storm-cloud has drifted away, and there is light in the west, a mellow light of evening time, such as Turner painted in his pensive Epilogue, *Datur Hora Quietis*, here is more work to do, but not to-day. The plow stands in the furrow; and the laborer passes peacefully from his toil, homewards."

T. F. G.

## REVIEWS.

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*Spanish Literature; An Elementary Handbook, with Indices, etc.* By H. Butler Clarke, M.A. London: Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893. Pp. xii., 288.

WE are inclined to think that this book really meets a long-felt want. There must always be a considerable number of persons, college students and others, who will desire an account of Spanish literature less detailed than Ticknor's three volumes and more full than the primer in Harper's "Half Hour" series. Such a book has been lacking hitherto. Outside of Spain the Germans have given us the really important contributions of Schack and Wolf, and the French a larger number of less important writers, among whom we may name, *pro memoria*, Dozy and Morel-Fatio for the earlier period, and Hubbard and Tannenberg for contemporary literature. But no book in French or German quite serves the purpose of this one, and in Spanish itself we hardly know what book we should commend to the college student. Certainly it would not be the *Historia Compendia de la Literatura Española*, by Arpa y Lopez, the je-june professor of San Isidore.

The twenty-one chapters of Mr. Clarke's book are chiefly taken up, as is natural, with the classical period. After a brief but judicious introduction on the formation of the Spanish nation and language, he begins his history proper with the heroic *Poema de myo Cid*, here, as elsewhere, offering characteristic passages in the original Spanish, with a literal translation appended at the foot of the page. These Spanish extracts are printed with exceptional care, and we have read them without discovering so much as a misplaced accent. *Giminez* is printed for *Jiminez* on page 277, and there are a few words in the older extracts whose antique spelling

one might be disposed to question without collation with the original editions. Meantime Mr. Clarke deserves the benefit of the doubt.

In his chapters on the Romances of Chivalry and on the Ballads there is little that is original, or claims to be, but the condensation is judicious, and the impression left on the reader will be clear and reasonably correct. We find then a short chapter on Catalan which may surprise us in view of the statement in the introduction (p. 6), that, "in literature as well as in ethnology and language, the Catalans belong rather to Provence than to Spain." But Catalan is evidently a favorite child of Mr. Clarke's study. His chapter on the origin of the drama, though short, is well digested, and in some of its judgments original. The interesting extract from Rojas' *Viage Entretenido*, on the life of strolling players, forms an important pendant to the more familiar one from Cervantes' prologue to his own drama, and deserves the notice of students of the early stage.

We must congratulate Mr. Clarke also on his graceful selections from the lyric poets of this early period, Santillana, Mena and Manrique. He considers the *Coplas* of the last among the finest verses of the world, and "as an elegy unsurpassed." Fine as Manrique's verses are, this judgment will seem a little extravagant. He prints nearly a fifth of the poem, which indeed, for ethical content, for restrained power, and free versification has not been surpassed in Spain though we think it has in England.

Less satisfactory to our mind is the chapter on the Novel. Considerable as is the space which he gives to the *Celestina*, which he is disposed, we think justly, to attribute in its entirety to Rojas, we think that he underestimates its importance as the true origin of the *Novela Picaresca*. The model of this interesting style of fiction he finds in the *Lazarillo*, which we should regard rather as a second step in the development of the essential idea first brought out in the *Celestina*. To develop this fully might carry us too far afield. We reserve it for another occasion. The *Novela Picaresca*, the

forerunner of the naturalistic studies of the present day, deserves a more careful analysis than it has yet found. That its "popularity died out, never to return, on the first appearance of the modern novel," is true in one sense. In another sense it is misleading. The aim of this school of early Spanish fiction was closely allied to the aim of the most popular of recent movements in French fiction and one of the strongest currents in the most recent English novelistic literature.

Of the mystic and religious authors Mr. Clarke writes with a sympathetic appreciation that is grateful and somewhat rare nowadays. But he is quite right in dissociating their beauties of style from their theological opinions. They wrote beautifully because they belonged to their age and enjoyed its literary environment, not because their eyes were fixed on the kingdom of heaven. Yet religion wove itself more intimately into this Spanish life than has been seen since or elsewhere, and hence it has become relatively more important in their literature. Mr. Clarke turns from these to the historians, among whom he gives Solis well merited praise for his *Conquest of Mexico*, which deserves more notice than it gets from our students.

A chapter on the poets, where Boscan is snubbed and Garcilaso receives the praise of successful imitation, and another on Spanish proverbs bring us to Cervantes. But though this and the following section, on Lope, Quevedo and Calderon, are the most useful part of the book, there is little in them that calls for special notice. There is a statement on page 151, however, that seems strange. We are told that "at the end of the sixteenth century literature, with the exception of the drama, had become stereotyped; even the picaresque novel was losing its freshness, and as yet no genius had sprung up to create a new form." This is to explain the success of *Don Quixote*. But of the so called picaresque novels only *Lazarillo* and *Guzman* had appeared at that time, the latter in 1599. They continued for some time the most popular form of literature, and *Don Quixote* remained unique. So that from several points of view the statement

of the text is inaccurate, and more that is said of Don Quixote is open to like criticism.

We heartily agree with Mr. Clarke in giving Quevedo the honor of a separate chapter. Spanish literature has seemed to too many to be made up of Cervantes, Lope, Calderon, and "minor writers." We note, too, with pleasure the statement that, "If authors are to be judged by single works, neither Lope nor even Calderon is the greatest Spanish playwright." That title would belong rather to Tirso de Molina or Alarcón. The chapter on these "Dramatists of the Golden Age" is one of the best in the book, especially the thoughtful pages at its close on the relations of the Spanish drama to that of France.

We must pass rapidly over the last chapters. That on contemporary literature is most interesting and least satisfactory. Mr. Clarke has had here few predecessors, and his attention has been more absorbed by the earlier period. He hardly does justice to the modern novelists,<sup>1</sup> and if the poets fare better, it is at the expense of the essayists. This we rather regret, for the majority of students who will use this book will probably find, or might find, the contemporary literature of more direct interest to them than the classical, and men are more apt to maintain an interest in what is living and growing before their eyes than in a past which only an effort of the imagination can make alive. Yet most college study of modern languages is subject to the same criticism. Our text-books foster, with a few bright exceptions, the notion that German literature ends with Heine, French with Victor Hugo, and Spanish, possibly, with Moratin. Something to correct this Mr. Clarke has given us in his helpful "Index of Authors and Editions Recommended for a course of Spanish Reading," which cannot fail to be of

<sup>1</sup> The best account of recent Spanish fiction in English that we have met is contained in an article by Mr. Rollo Ogden, in the *Cosmopolitan* (1892), and in two articles, which we believe may be attributed to the same hand, in the *New York Evening Post* (1891). These may be compared with the article on "Recent Spanish Fiction," in the first number of this REVIEW.



great assistance to the book-buyer, and in his "List of Principal Authorities." We wish, too, that he might have given a short chapter to the literature of Spanish America; but the shortcomings of the book are not serious, and it is heartily to be commended to all whom it concerns. B. W. W.

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*History of Elections in the American Colonies.* By Cortland F. Bishop, Ph.D. [*Studies in History, Economics and Public Law.* Edited by the University Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. Volume iii., No. 1.] Columbia College, New York. 1893. 8vo., pp. v., 297.

ONE of the most gratifying indications of the good work that is doing in American history is to be found in the fact that, one by one, our great universities are following the example set by the Johns Hopkins, and issuing a series of historical studies or monographs which are simply invaluable to the students of our history, whether general or special. Harvard has such a series, or, counting the *Fag House* monographs, two such series, in which such admirable studies as Mr. Mason's *Veto Power*, and Mr. McDougal's *Fugitive Slaves*, reviewed by the present writer in another place, have appeared. Yale has recently established that excellent quarterly, *The Yale Review*, to cover the same ground. The Columbia College monographs are growing in number, and form a very valuable contribution to our historical literature. Even the ancient college of William and Mary, awaking from her long sleep, has entered the field with a quarterly devoted to Virginia genealogy and history. The value of these studies may be easily overlooked by the general reader, who is usually repelled by that very minuteness of treatment which makes them such valuable helps to the trained historical student. But the consensus of general opinion is, unfortunately, the chief bestower of fame, and so it comes to pass that the specialist who has devoted months and years to the study of an obscure and important subject is compelled to look to a very small band of fellow-workers for recognition of his labors. In the highest regions of rarefied altruism this ought to be a sufficient reward; but we are all

human and we all like praise. Hence it is that it is incumbent upon all reviewers of such a volume as that before us, to lay great stress, not only upon its value, but upon the painstaking and honorable labor that went to its composition.

Dr. Bishop has taken an important subject and treated it exhaustively and with great ability. The methods of election used by a people when properly studied throw a great deal of light upon the character of that people—a fact which unfortunately is becoming plainer year by year in this devoted country. Perhaps Dr. Bishop might here and there have allowed himself more liberty of general discussion than he has done; but his space was limited, and he has certainly suggested many points for study and reflection.

His monograph is divided into two parts—one treating of General Elections, the other of Local Elections. The treatment of each subject is logical and exhaustive. Chapter I. gives the history of general elections in the different colonies, and contains much interesting data—as, for example, the description of the curious *referendum* in Rhode Island, which abundantly illustrates our early spirit of local autonomy, both in Church and State, although it is to be remarked that the Rhode Island nullifiers were far less grasping in their demands than their namesakes of a later date.

Chapter II. treats of the suffrage and its qualifications. It contains little to gratify the advocates of woman's rights and shows further that in spite of restrictive laws in Berkeley County, S. C., in 1701, "free negroes were received and taken for as good electors as the best freeholders in the province"—a fact which was much complained of.

Chapter III. discusses the management of elections and gives us many interesting details. The bean ballot of Massachusetts, the early methods of nominating candidates, the difficulties of bringing voters together in the sparsely settled communities, are some of the interesting topics treated. The Virginia methods are specially interesting, throwing light as they do, upon the free, uncramped life of the people and their loyal observance of English traditions and customs.

The provisions against fraud show that our forefathers were not absolutely impeccable, although the absence of statutes against bribery in the New England States, if charitably interpreted, speaks well for Puritan morals. It is interesting further to note that the question of compulsory voting, which is frequently discussed nowadays, was also in our fathers' minds, and that in at least four States, one of which was Virginia, statutes were passed on the subject.

Part II. discusses local elections, and follows the order observed in Part I. Four valuable appendices conclude this careful monograph, which reflects credit both upon its author and its source of issue. An index was desirable, but perhaps this was reserved for the second study of the volume. Still, as Dr. Bishop's book is sold separately, it is unfortunate that it is not provided with a separate index. We may conclude our review with the statement that there is little in Dr. Bishop's treatment of his subject to please the followers of the late Mr. Douglas Campbell in his extensive claims for Holland as the source of many of those political practices and institutions to which we had been ignorantly assigning an English origin. In one point Dr. Bishop takes direct issue with Mr. Campbell's statement that the ballot did not appear in the colonies south of Pennsylvania. He shows that "the ballot in the Carolinas was as fully developed in the direction of secrecy as in those colonies under the influence of Puritan ideas."

W. P. T.

*Boewulf*, An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem, translated from the Heyne-Socin text by Jno. Leslie Hall. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co.

WE note with great pleasure that the interest in Anglo-Saxon studies and in good poetry has so soon justified the reprinting of a book of such real merit as this translation of the first Germanic epic. It is certainly better in every detail than any English translation that has preceded it, and it may be only the prejudice of youthful association that leads us to prefer the German version of Grein. It is certain, however, that the structure of the German language lends itself

with much greater facility to work like this, and if Dr. Hall's English has equalled Grein's German, he has deserved a greater praise.

The venerable epic is hardly likely to fall into worthier hands, or to find more loving care. This translation, barring such revision as Dr. Hall may give it, in the editions that we trust are in store for it, will probably be accepted as final. As the book is likely to be much in the hands of students of the original, and to be collated constantly with it, the use of the Heyne-Socin text, which is that of the school editions, was natural. From a literary point of view we should have been disposed to prefer the older text of Grein, but for the enjoyment of the work, this is but a trivial matter. Of greater importance seems to us the omission to distinguish in any way by note or type, the older from the younger parts of the poem. It is not necessary to follow Muellenhof in all the details of his analysis, to realize and apply the truth that underlies it. Any critic who shall undertake to assign each verse of this poem, for it is a poem, and has an artistic unity, to A or to B, or to the first interpolator, or to the second interpolator, is sure to meet innumerable stumbling blocks. These later craftsmen were not so clumsy that we can always trace the mark of the welding. Beside, they would not recognize that it was worth while to preserve scrupulously the integrity of the earlier work even where they had no fault to find with it. And yet, though we cannot say with absolute certainty that any line is in its original form, nor even that for such popular epic songs, that there is any form that can properly be called original in the strict sense, we can and ought to distinguish the obviously christian interpolations from the rest.

As to the possibility of a critical restoration of this or any early epic, the Nibelungenlied, for instance, to its original form, we are sceptical, because it seems to us that any such effort implies a radical misconception of the genesis of such poetry. The story of Beowulf, or of Sigfrid, or Dietrich, we may suppose to be as familiar to its Teutonic auditory as



to the singers. Indeed, as we see in the story of Caedmon, each was in turn singer and auditor. In this there must have been improvisation intermingled with lines that remained in the memory from previous occasions. It is not probable that any two minstrels would render the legend *ipsissimis verbis*, though all would agree in the essential facts and probably in minor details. Thus the epic was in constant flux, assuming multitudinous forms of which usually but one is preserved to us, though in the case of the *Niebelungenlied*, we happen to have three. It is only where an entirely different element, as the christian tradition in *Beowulf*, is introduced, that the analytical critic finds a profitable sphere for his labor. He must be guided, however, rather by literary than philological canons, and his judgments will be at best only subjective.

After all the criticism that has been piled up around this poem, we are in danger of not seeing the wood for the trees, of missing the grand beauty of the gnarled and ancient oak while we grub amongst its roots. It may have been some such considerations as these that led Dr. Hall to present the poem without critical apparatus or annotation, and to let it speak for itself. He has supplied the reader, however, with a good argument, a full bibliography of translations, and a very helpful glossary of proper names. A judicious preface explains his principles of translation. The book is a credit to American scholarship, but its interest is not confined to scholars, and its literary merit ought to give it an ever-widening circle of readers.

*Greek Poets in English Verse by Various Translators.* Edited with introduction and notes by William Hyde Appleton, Professor of Greek in Swarthmore College. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1893.

The editor tells us in his preface that he has attempted to do for Greek poetry, through the medium of translation, what has been so often done for English poetry, that is, to give the reader within the compass of a single volume some



idea of its wealth, and at the same time to stimulate and guide him to further and more thorough reading.

The Introduction is devoted almost entirely to the story of the wrath of Achilles, the wanderings of Ulysses, the woes in the house of Thebes, and the tragedy in the house of Mycenæ. It is to be regretted that the editor has not treated more fully the great lines of poetical development, in the Epic, the Lyric, and the Drama. However, the Introduction, such as it is, will enable the reader to have a better understanding and appreciation of the selections which make up this volume. These selections are, on the whole, judiciously made, and a proper proportion for the Epic, Lyric and Drama is observed, but we cannot see that it was wise not to adopt the best translations only, such as would place the non-classical reader in closer communion with the spirit of the original. Instead of this, Mr. Appleton has inserted specimens of many translations, which, as a record of interesting experiments, may appeal to the student of Greek, but for these this volume is not primarily intended.

We regret that the plan of the work excludes prose versions, for it is through these, as the editor himself declares, that the non-classical reader must gain his nearest approach to Homer. Lang, Leaf and Myers for the *Iliad*, and Butcher and Lang and Professor Palmer for the *Odyssey*, are by this process excluded. In the selection from the *Iliad*, Pope is given preference, for, says Mr. Appleton, however inadequate from the point of view of the scholar, he is in style vigorous and brilliant, and has the important merit demanded in a translator—that of being reasonable. We agree with Matthew Arnold, however, that Pope lacks among other things the plainness of diction, which is so essential to Homer's style. Only two paragraphs are given from Chapman, who is so much imbued with conceits of the Elizabethan era, but his vigorous, pleasing, and sweet poetic charm will more than outweigh the obscurity of the sense that comes from his quaintness, indecision, or looseness of construction. Chapman may be hard reading, but there is no approach to Homer through Pope.

For the *Odyssey*, the editor has drawn largely from Worsley's beautiful version in Spenserian stanzas, but he is not justified in devoting so much space to Maginn, whose ballad style has little to commend it save that it is an interesting experiment.

In the passages from Aeschylus we should have been glad to see more of Morehead and less of Milman, nor can we account for the absence of Plumplee and Anna Swanwick.

Mr. Appleton's rendering of "*Oedipus at Colonus*," 1—116, does not increase the value of the volume, and may properly be classed under the head of "interesting experiments."

In the passages from Aristophanes, Freres inimitable translations enjoy almost a monopoly. Why has Calveley's translation of Theocritus been so completely ignored?

On the whole, we commend the volume, and feel that it is like to accomplish, in part at least, the purpose for which it was written.

## MINOR NOTICES.

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It is perhaps a little late to notice Professor Albert S. Cook's "The Art of Poetry," which is a collection of the poetical treatises of Horace, Vida and Boileau, with the translations by Howes, Pitt, and Soame. Professor Cook has undoubtedly done more within the last few years to foster the study of poetry in this country than any other professor of English with whom we are acquainted, and it is only just to call emphatic attention to the fact. From the frequent appearance of such text-books as the above, we infer that they have a wide enough sale to justify the publishers, (in this case Ginn & Co., Boston,) in their enterprise, and this in itself is a pleasant and encouraging thing to note.

THOSE who have to do with the teaching of French literature will be disposed to give a hearty welcome to Duval's "Histoire de la Litterature Française," (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) Though the author is professor in a New England college for women, she has none of the restricted literary vision that such conditions might seem to imply, and has produced what seems to us a strikingly fair and useful book for which the preface modestly disclaims originality. The method of its composition seems to have been to extract, in regard to each writer, the substance of the best judgments of the most competent critics, sometimes so nearly in their own words that the style is not quite uniform. The preface referred to is a sufficient defense against any charge of plagiarism, but reference to the primary authorities might have been useful, though most professors will, perhaps, have at hand the means of supplying this deficiency. The book is admirable for its purpose. To those who have struggled

with Demogeot, *et omne id genus*, we would say with Xenophon, "Cyrus has tasted this dish and wishes you also may enjoy it."

ONE of the cheapest and best of the reprints of the English classics now so extensively used in our schools and colleges, is the series published semi-weekly by Maynard, Merrill & Co., of New York. We have several numbers before us, and we have been struck with their serviceableness. The introduction and notes are sufficient for most purposes, and the prices are very reasonable. Glancing over the list of the hundred and twenty odd numbers that have appeared, we note with pleasure the wide range the selections have taken. It is not often that Shelton, Surrey, Wyatt and Cowley figure in such a series, and yet there are times when the teacher desires to have his pupils read something from such authors, even though he may not care to have them carefully and minutely studied.

WE have on our table "The Church Club Lectures" for 1891, the subject of the series being "Catholic Dogma." (New York, E. & J. B. Young & Co.) The same for 1892, the subject being "The Church's Ministry of Grace;" "A Life's Labor," by E. M. Mason; "A Nursery Idyl," by M. E. Wolton, and "Connie's Service," by H. C. Garland—all written by Christian women and belonging to the excellent series of short tales published by the S. P. C. K.; (New York, Young). "The Bible Abridged," by Rev. D. G. Haskins; (Boston, Heath). "Miscellanies and Sermons," by Rev. George Warner Nicholls, D.D.; (Bridgeport, Conn., The Author). "Why Not and Why?" (New York, Appleton).

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NOTE: p. 410 for Harvey read Hervey, for Alçon read Alcon.

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No. 4.

# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL

TELFAIR HODGSON, D.D., LL.D.,  
MANAGING EDITOR

AUGUST, 1893

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- II. *Tennyson's In Memoriam.*
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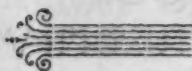
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